

# The Academy

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## The Literary Week.

THE publishing of books has practically ceased, and we must wait till the end of September for the steady flow to begin again. Not that the issue of books ever stops altogether—for no week in the year is without its stray volumes of theology and fiction—but important books must wait for what publishers believe to be more favourable (though more crowded) times. War books continue to be issued, but the response is not keen. We fear that even the *Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed*, by C. H. Thomas, formerly Orange Free State burgher, will not fire the reading public, or even Miss Marie Corelli's *A Social Note on the War*. Perhaps General Baden-Powell's book on Mafeking will rouse them.

THE sub-title of Miss Marie Corelli's pamphlet on the war is *Patriotism or Self-Advancement*. The distinguished authoress must have blushed when she read the advertisement that is heralding her new book throughout the country. It is called *The Master-Christian*, and it is dedicated "to all those churches who quarrel in the name of Christ." Here are a few gems from the advertisement:

One of the most remarkable books of recent years.

In vigour of style, in daring of conception, in tenderness and pathos, and in its wide appeal, it presents features of extraordinary interest.

It is impossible to sketch the outlines of this romance, and it is enough to say that it deals with the great problem of humanity and religion—the eternal struggle between the spirit and the flesh.

It will appeal with an irresistible attraction to the Roman Catholic, to the Anglican, to the Nonconformist; to the agnostic and the bigot; to the worldling and to the religious.

It puts into articulate language the inarticulate thoughts of the majority of mankind.

We shall see.

THE decision of the House of Lords, by a majority of four Law Lords to one, that a reporter is entitled to copy-right in the speeches he reports may be good law, but, to the lay, literary mind, it is certainly not common sense. The effect of the decision is admirably put in the following letter which, the *Echo* says, Mr. Luce received soon after the result of the case:

DEAR SIR,—Since the reporter has been adjudged the owner of copyright in a speech, may I draw your attention to the fact that there are many speeches made annually by various speakers which would have considerable value as literary productions.

As a verbatim author I beg to offer you the next half-dozen speeches to be made by the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Balfour, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. John Morley. They could be brought out as a volume of copyright literary essays, and as there appears to be no necessity for stating by whom the speeches were made, I, as the author, would of course stipulate that my name should appear on the title-page.

We hope this letter will follow the four Law Lords to their moors.

In spite of Mr. Andrew Lang's protests, the method of inducing distinguished readers to supply "cheap copy" persists. Mr. Frederic Dolman visited the studios of St. John's Wood and Kensington, and persuaded certain painters to tell him which they thought were the greatest pictures in the world. The result, with reproductions of the pictures, is given in the *Strand Magazine*. Thus:

Sir L. Alma Tadema...	Raphael's "Disputation as to the Sacrament."
Mr. W. P. Frith .....	Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love."
Sir W. B. Richmond...	Holbein's "Jeweller Morett."
Mr. F. Goodall }	Tintoretto's "Miracle of St. Mark."
Mr. E. A. Abbey }	
Mr. Phil Morris.....	Velasquez' "Surrender of Breda."
Mr. Storey .....	Gainsborough's "Lady Mulgrave."
Mr. B. W. Leader .....	Turner's "Ulysses."
Mr. G. F. Watts .....	Raphael's "Sistine Madonna."
Mr. G. H. Boughton...	Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne."
Mr. Marcus Stone .....	Millais's "Vale of Rest."
Mr. J. M. Swan.....	Rembrandt's "Lesson in Anatomy."

THE Netherlands South African Railway Company have commenced an action for libel against Mr. FitzPatrick, on account of certain statements contained in his volume, *The Transvaal from Within*, and also against Mr. William Heinemann, the publisher. Mr. Hawksley will conduct the case of the defendants.

ONE of the new autumn papers is to be called *The Leader*. It will aim "to make Ireland Irish." Here are a few extracts from the prospectus:

The ideal Ireland which the Review will strive to help to bring about is one which will eventually express itself in its native language, which will not only be a self-governing but a self-contained nation, drawing its inspirations from native sources, possessing its own native outlook on all phases of life, and, while willing to assimilate from outside, determined to slavishly imitate no other nation.

Its methods for helping on the attempt to realise this ideal will be practical. It will face facts as they are, however humiliating; and the actual Ireland, and not the Ireland of dreamers and romancers, will be always kept in view. Though convinced that no real Ireland can exist until Irish is reinstated as the national language, this Review, being practical, will be almost wholly written in English, for the promoters recognise the fact that Ireland has allowed herself to become almost completely English, and we must proceed from what is to what ought to be.

This Review will face everything. Its contributors will include very many of the ablest Irishmen of the day. Shams will be mercilessly ridiculed. Those responsible for "superior English education" will get no peace until they give an Irish education.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS has been staying at Marienbad, where he has been in consultation with Mr. Tree on the subject of his new play "Herod." It will be called "Herod the King," not "The King of the Jews," and will follow "Julius Caesar" at Her Majesty's Theatre.

NEXT Saturday (the 18th) the copyright of Balzac's novels will expire. The present holders, Messrs. Lévy, paid 80,000 francs to Balzac's widow for this copyright in 1865 (thirty years after Balzac's death) and for thirty-five years they have enjoyed the monopoly.

BALZAC's dealings with his publishers were not of a brilliant business order. Under the description, "A Cruel Contract," the *Author* gives the terms of a specimen bargain entered into by Balzac. This is the Hubert contract, the document of which is in the possession of the Vicomte de Lovenjoul.

In this contract "M. Honoré Balzac" engages to supply (under the pseudonym of Lord R'Noone) a certain sieur Grégoire Hubert, libraire au Palais Royal, with four volumes for publication, entitled *Clotilde de Lusignan*, for the sum of 2,000 francs. This liberal remuneration is to be received as follows: 500 francs in notes payable at a year's date; 500 francs in notes (payable six months later) at the moment when twelve hundred copies of the work in question shall have been sold. The remaining 1,000 francs are to be paid in notes, likewise dated six months hence—*whenever sieur Grégoire Hubert shall be unable to produce on the author's demand more than a hundred copies of this first edition!*

But the final article in this iniquitous treaty carries off the palm for munificence. It expressly states that:

"In this sum (of 2,000 francs) is included the cost of the advertisement of the said work, which M. Balzac binds and engages himself to have inserted in the journals below mentioned (or in those which may replace them should they be suppressed), viz., the *Constitutionnel*, the *Journal des Débats*, the *Courier*, the *Miroir*, the *Quotidienne*, and the theatrical papers. The advertisement shall each occupy at least half a column in the body of the journal; and shall be placed either beside the article 'Paris,' or immediately after." To reimburse him for this outlay, the author is entitled to six copies gratis of his own work.

Comment, adds the *Author*, is superfluous, and it suggests that it was under the financial strain produced by this barbarous treatment that Balzac wrote: "Creditors know how to find us much better and more promptly than our friends. For the sake of a little sum they often come to a place where others do not come for the sake of a great affection."

In writing on the new American historical novelists a little while ago, we remarked on their mechanical patience in "getting up" their topography and local colour. Mr. Charles Major, the author of *When Knighthood was in Flower*, doubtless shares these industrious qualities, and a "proof" of it is given with much circumstance by an American contemporary as follows:

When Mr. Charles Major was in London recently, for the first time, he wagered a whitebait dinner with an English friend that he could walk from St. Paul's to the Tower unguided, taking the most direct route, and naming the streets travelled. After they had eaten the whitebait, and the Englishman had paid the bill, Mr. Major confessed to his marvelling host that while writing *When Knighthood was in Flower* he had been compelled to make a map of that part of old London, and in doing so he studied Stow's *Survey* with great diligence, working out from the text, block by block, the journey through Cheapside and Billingsgate to the Tower.

But this is an occasion for smiles. The idea of working out the most direct modern route, "block by block," from St. Paul's to the Tower in Stow's *Survey* is worthy of an American enthusiast; but they do not so learn the way about New York. Stow seems to have served Mr. Major uncommonly badly; for the most direct route from St. Paul's to the Tower is the straight line formed of Cannon-street, Eastcheap, and Great Tower-street. We can understand the route including Billingsgate, because the whitebait had to be bought; but it was the American who should have paid for it!

WHAT is the psychology of a reading craze? What causes scores of thousands of readers to rush for the novels of Miss Fowler, Miss Cholmondeley, Miss Corelli, and Mr. Hall Caine, and then fling them aside, and forget them? What explains the boom of *Trilby* and the doom of *Trilby*? An American writer seeks the aid of scientific phraseology to explain these mysteries. He says: "Such phenomena indicate an interruption of the action of the higher brain centres and, in consequence, an undue activity of the lower brain centres"; and he thinks that a diffused hypnotic suggestion is at the bottom of the big sales enjoyed by novels of no lasting merit.

How else are we to account for the fact that tens of thousands of intelligent readers are found absorbed in books which are destined in a few months to permanent oblivion; that large editions of certain books are delivered to booksellers in advance of any legitimate demand; that a multitude of people accept without hesitation the judgment of newspapers as to the literary or artistic merit of books, whose opinions on other subjects would have no weight with them at all?

Admitting that fiction has its place as a means of literary culture, it would seem that most readers have ceased to exercise any rational choice and allow themselves to be controlled by their lower brain centres. . . . These crazes of the reading public are incident to an imperfect stage of development. As the higher centres become more highly developed, a rational choice will more effectively control the selection of reading. The literature which has established its claim to permanence will take its true place.

THERE is a characteristic article in *The Contemporary* on Eleonora Duse, by Mr. Arthur Symons, which is an amusing as well as interesting contribution to its subject.

Her eyes [says Mr. Symons] are like a drowsy flame. Her stillness is the stillness of one in act to spring. There is no transition from the energy of speech to the energy of silence. When she speaks, the words leap from her lips one after another, hurrying, but always in coloured clothes, and with beautiful movements. As she listens silently to music, she seems to remember, and to drink in nourishment for her soul, as she drinks in perfume, greedily, from flowers, as she possesses a book or a picture, almost with violence. I have never seen a woman so passionate after beauty. I have never seen a woman so devoured by the life of the soul, by the life of the mind, by the life of the body.

When she talks intently with someone whose ideas interest her, she leaves her chair, comes and sits down quite close, leans over till her face almost touches one's face, the eyes opening wider and wider, until one sees an entire rim of white about the great brown pupils; but, though she occasionally makes a gesture, she never touches one, never lays her hand on one's sleeve; remains impersonal, though so close.

Here are a few of Duse's words written down by Mr. Symons from memory:

"Do you remember what Flaubert, that little priest, said of Shakespeare? 'If I had met Shakespeare on the stairs, I should have fainted.' The people I would like to have met are Shakespeare and Velasquez."

"Could I live without the stage? You should not have said that. I have passed three years without acting. I act because I would rather do other things. If I had my will I would live in a ship on the sea, and never come nearer to humanity than that."

In reference to the forthcoming Clarendon Press edition of the *Imitatio Christi*, Messrs. Methuen point out to us that the edition they publish is in all respects a "faithful" translation, and can therefore challenge comparison in this respect with future versions.



To the *Library World* Mr. Thomas Aldred, Librarian of St. George-the-Martyr Public Library, is contributing a useful list of Sequel Stories. The instalment in the August number ranges from H to S, and includes the following interesting entries:

HOWELLS, W. D.

*Chance Acquaintance.*  
*Their Wedding Journey.*

HUGHES, T.

*Tom Brown's Schooldays.*  
*Tom Brown at Oxford.*

HUGO, V.

*Les Misérables.*  
*Fantine.*  
*Cosette and Marius.*  
*Jean Valjean.*

HUYSMANS, J. K.

*En Route.*  
*The Cathedral.*

JAMES, H.

*Roderick Hudson.*  
*Princess Casamassima.*

LYTTON, LORD.

*Ernest Maltravers.*  
*Alice.*

*The Caxtons.*

*My Novel.*

*What Will He Do With It.*

"Zicci" was Completed as "Zenoni."

MACDONALD, G.

*Annals of a Quite Neighbourhood.*  
*Seaboard Parish.*  
*Vicar's Daughter.*

*Malcolm.*

*Marquis of Lossie.*

*Sir Gibbie.*

*Donal Grant.*

*Thomas Wingfold, Curate.*

*Paul Faber, Surgeon.*

MACLAREN, IAN (J. M. Watson).

*Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.*  
*Days of Auld Lang Syne.*  
*Kate Carnegie.*

MELVILLE, H.

*Typee.*

*Omoo.*

MEREDITH, G.

*Sandra Belloni* (same as *Enilia in England*).  
*Vittoria.*

MOORE, GEORGE.

*Evelyn Innes.*  
*Sister Teresa.*

OLIPHANT, Mrs.

*Chronicles of Carlingford.*  
*The Rector.*  
*The Doctor's Family.*  
*Salem Chapel.*  
*The Perpetual Curate.*  
*Miss Marjoribanks.*  
*Phobe, Junior.*

"OUIDA" (Louise De La Ramée).

*Princess Naprawine.*  
*Othmar.*

READE, C.

*It is Never Too Late to Mend.*  
*Autobiography of a Thief.*

*Love Me Little Love Me Long.*  
*Hard Cash.*

THE art of advertising a problem-novel appears to be thoroughly understood by the publishers of an American novel called *The Redemption of David Corson*. Being a purpose-novel, it is "destined to produce an aftermath of critical conflict." The advertisement proceeds with delightful naïveté: "One can give some idea of the cause of this inevitable storm from an outline of the story." But the tit-bit is the quotation of two opinions already given on the book:

Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, writing in the *Bookman*, classes it with *David Grieve*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, and finds in it "a strong, healthy, buoyant note." He says: "David Corson enters the scene clothed with the fascination that only the strong possess. He dreams, he sings, he sees visions of the future, he is tempted, he loves, he hesitates, he sins, he falls, he wakes with a shock of horror, he climbs slowly upward upon the rounds down which he descended, he conquers our admiration and our love."

Maurice Thompson, in an extended discussion of the book in another literary magazine, differs radically from the *Bookman's* review. He points out that the love between David Corson and Pepeeta "is worked up to the highest pitch of passion," and that there has never been a novel in which it "is more vehemently described or more persistently kept before the reader. It does not follow," he adds, "that because God has made possible the redemption of a profligate, it is right to describe him in a dramatic story for fireside reading."

Do you not feel the storm, the aftermath, the conflict, and the rest coming? But why do they travel so slowly?

THE *Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science for July contains an interesting and apparently exhaustive paper on "The American Newspaper." Facts and statistics are accumulated and arranged with great care, mainly with the object of showing what is the general moral tone of American newspapers. The space devoted to "vice and crime," to sport, society news, literature, &c., &c., is calculated and reduced to a percentage. But we do not think that we can quote the author's figures with any effect; the article must be studied as a whole. It conveys to the English reader a useful idea of the conditions of journalism in America. St. Louis and Cincinnati are now "the most notable centres of yellow journalism." These two centres keep remarkably close together in the table of percentages. Both stand high in illustrations, medical advertisements, and news of crime and vice; while they stand very low in letters and exchanges, editorials, literature, and retail advertisements. It is significant that Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the *New York World*, got his training in yellow journalism as manager of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. The force of the expression, "training in yellow journalism," may be understood by a statement concerning a former editor of the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*, whose influence was felt far and wide. This editor defined the most successful newspaper manager as the man who best knew where hell was going to break out next, and had a reporter on the spot.

THAT "yellow" journalism is still largely in the hands of its few pioneers seems clear from the following statement:

If we were to count as yellow journals of the deepest dye those which give more than one-third of their space to yellow matter, we should find seven—four owned by W. R. Hearst, and two owned and one founded by Joseph Pulitzer. This fact, that the seven yellowest great dailies in the United States have been or are now under the control of one of two men, is an indication of the immense opportunity for the expression of individuality in journalism. The *New York World* and the *New York Journal* have an incalculable influence in the United States. During the late war they claimed a daily circulation of more than a million copies each, and they were hawked upon the streets of

distant cities. Their influence does not arise from popular confidence in them, but is rather the influence of association and success. Everywhere, like omnipresent rowdies, these papers make themselves felt.

A *Scribner's Magazine* poetess, Miss Mary Young, has found a way of presenting the "teaching" of Omar in terms to which even Mr. A. H. Millar can take no exception. "How Granny Reads Her Omar" is the title of a set of quatrains, which are a charmingly witty variant of the *Rubdydt*. Out of six stanzas we take the liberty of quoting four:

## VII.

Come, now! cheer up an' have a cup o' tea!  
Things ain't so hard's you make 'em out to be  
Be happy while you can; time ain't so long  
But what it soon must end fer you an' me.

## XIII.

Some wants the earth. Yes; an' there do be some  
That's everlastin' wantin' Kingdom Come—  
You hang to what you've got, an' leave the rest  
To them as ain't contented here at hum.

## OR.

'Twon't pleasure me ter have you mourn fer me—  
I'd rather you'd be happy, as I be,  
So when you pass my empty place, jest stop  
An' laugh a little laugh fer me to see.

By the way, it is storied that the Shah, being spoken to recently about the Omar Khayyám Club, asked: "Who is Omar Khayyám?"

## Bibliographical.

"I FANCY," I said last week, "that the latest bibliography of Mr. Swinburne dates as far back as 1887." I was thinking of separate publications, and now an esteemed correspondent informs me that some copies of the Swinburne bibliography (by Mr. Wise) contained in the second volume of *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century* (1896) were struck off and issued separately, being now priced by booksellers at a guinea or more. My correspondent says of Mr. Wise's work that "though it contains one or two trifling errors in minutiae, and is not quite complete, it is a most valuable production, and a thousand times superior to that of Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd, to which 'The Bookworm' alludes." All the more reason that it should be published in the ordinary way, and at a price which would put it within the reach of persons with moderate incomes. The *Sunday Times*, by the way, has been making an amusing blunder in connexion with the recent sale at Sotheby's of certain first editions and autograph copies of Mr. Swinburne's works. "The books," says our contemporary, "included some of the poet's lesser known dramatic poems, such as 'Joseph and His Brethren'!" No doubt the allusion is to the edition of "Joseph" published in 1876 with a critical introduction by Mr. Swinburne.

Sir Henry Irving is responsible for a good deal of recent "chatter" about "Manfred." His hint to the effect that he might perhaps put that work upon the Lyceum stage has brought down upon him a small avalanche of pathetic entreaty. "For heaven's sake," the cry has been, for the most part, "don't produce 'Manfred'!" Mr. Clement Scott has declared that the revival at Drury-lane in 1863 bored him tremendously; but we know, from his *Journal of a Playgoer*, that Henry Morley was not bored by it. Moreover, in 1863 as in 1834, when first produced, the work was a success with the public. Roden Noel, one of the latest and most sympathetic of Byron's critics, admits that "the poem is virtually a monologue, though a hunter appears, and an old abbot"; but even more to the purpose is the judgment Byron himself pronounced upon his per-

formance in a letter to Murray in 1817. Therein he described "Manfred" as "a kind of poem in dialogue in three acts, but of a very wild, metaphysical, and inexplicable kind; . . . the hero, a kind of magician who is tormented by a species of remorse, the cause of which is left unexplained. The first two acts," continued the poet, characteristically, "are the best; the third so-so; but I was blown with the first and second heats."

Mr. Newbolt, who is to edit the new monthly review, first came to the front, as we all know, as the author of the booklet of verse called *Admirals All*. That was in the autumn of 1897; but, rather more than two years previously, Mr. Newbolt had published a tragedy called *Mordred*, which, I am obliged to confess, I have not read (making, indeed, a point of not reading new tragedies—if I can help it!). *Mordred*, again, had been preceded by a little story from Mr. Newbolt's pen, entitled *Taken from the Enemy* (1892), one of Messrs. Chatto's series of "Handy Novels." In 1898, it will be remembered, came *The Island Race*, a volume of verse which included *Admirals All*; and it is to Mr. Newbolt, I believe, that we owe the *Stories from Froissart*, published by Wells Gardner last year. These, I think, embody all Mr. Newbolt's acknowledged contributions to literature, up to now.

We are to have, it seems, a volume of reminiscences from Mr. Herman Merivale, who has just been discoursing in *M.A.P.* of "the days of his youth." The book should prove eminently readable, for Mr. Merivale has met many interesting people and seen many interesting things. As I pointed out some time ago in this column, Mr. Merivale has done little in the purely literary sphere, in which he was so well qualified to shine. It is as a dramatist, and especially as one of the authors of "All for Her" and "Forget-me-Not," that he will be remembered. His powers as a wit and humorist are best seen in "The Lady of Lyons Married and Settled," an extravaganza which, besides being full of admirable dialogue, contains lyrics which Mr. Gilbert might have fathered. Note, particularly, Claude's song in praise of the Darwinian theory, and the parody of "Sally in Our Alley." The former reminds one agreeably of Mortimer Collins's lines on the Positivists, which, by the way, came first.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins is to give us a volume of stories entitled *The Silent Gate: a Voyage into Prison*, and dealing with English prison-life to-day. It will be remembered that Mr. Hopkins is already the author of *Kilmainham Memories; the Story of the Greatest Political Crime of the Century*, and also of *Dungeons of Old Paris: Story and Romance of Celebrated Prisons of the Monarchy and the Revolution*. He bids fair to be recognised as a specialist in the history of famous "places of detention."

The appearance of the *Areopagitica*, and other prose by Milton, in the Temple Library, reminds one that the former work was reprinted so recently as 1898 under the editorship of Mr. J. W. Hales. Prior to that came the collection of Milton's prose which Henry Morley edited in 1889 for the Carisbrooke Library, which in its turn had been preceded by a cheap reprint in Cassell's National Library. Mr. Ernest Myers's selection from Milton's prose dates as far back as 1884.

THE ACADEMY has already announced the arrival in England of Mr. Henry Lawson, the Australian writer, author of *While the Billy Boils* and *In the Days when the World was Wide*. The first of these works was published in England, I find, three years ago; the other, apparently, has not been reprinted here, or, if reprinted, only recently. I fear that a good many of us have yet to make acquaintance with them.

Mr. Murray is going to issue in the autumn a half-crown edition of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. That will be a boon to many. The current (sixth) edition, originally published in 1891, is a post 8vo at six shillings (less discount).

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## The Tombs of the Writers.

*Westminster Abbey.* By G. E. Troutbeck. (Methuen. 3s.)

IN comeliness, and perhaps in completeness, Mr. Troutbeck's work must take the first place among small handbooks to the Abbey. We are convinced, too, of its accuracy. On page 210 the date of the death of Gay is given as 1782, an obvious misprint for 1732: no other error has caught our eye. Mr. Troutbeck gives more space to the history and architecture of the building than Mr. Hare in his well-known guide. But Mr. Hare has more anecdote and quotation. The Abbey lover will naturally possess himself of both books, and if he stow the twain in his pockets to assist his meditations among the tombs he will not be over-weighted. Our own regret, which is perhaps unreasonable, is that Mr. Troutbeck has not given us a bigger book, which would yet come within the description of pocket literature. A guide which should intervene between the ordinary small handbook and Dean Stanley's exhaustive but unpocketable work would surely have found a peculiarly warm welcome. With all his efforts and manifest ability to make his subject glow, Mr. Troutbeck's limitations of space are felt by the reader as heavy and thwarting barriers, and the more so because the book is written and printed in a manner which suggests a more literary and discursive treatment than is found in existing handbooks. We feel this in the pages devoted to Poets' Corner. We have not Dean Stanley's work by us at the moment, but we recollect the charm of the passages in which he shows us how the poets came to lay their bones in the Abbey, as members of a poetic family desiring to take their rest side by side. Chaucer was the first of our singers to lay his bones in Poets' Corner. His grey marble tomb, erected a century and a half after his death, is still the most beautiful and venerable object in this part of the Abbey. He had but a short journey to take from his bed to his grave, for his last days were spent in a tenement in the Abbey garden, on ground now covered by the Chapel of Henry VII. His last words, said to have been dictated on his death-bed, are quoted by Mr. Troutbeck, and should always be given in connexion with Chaucer's passing:

Here is no home, here is but wilderness.  
Forth, pilgrim! forth, O beast, out of thy stall!  
Look up on high, and thank thy God of all.  
Control thy lust; and let thy spirit thee lead;  
And Truth shall thee deliver; 'tis no dread.

Chaucer's grave was a magnet. Spenser, Drayton, Tennyson, and Browning lie near him. Spenser's first Latin epitaph, long superseded, contained the words:

Hic prope Chaucerum situs est Spenserius illi  
Proximus ingenio, proximus et tumulo.

This inscription, set up by Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, was replaced in 1778 by an epitaph which, with all its beauty, lacks that suggestion of fellowship with the author of the *Canterbury Tales*. It runs: "Here lyes (expecting the second coming of our Saviour Christ Jesus) the body of Edmond Spencer, the prince of poets in his tyme, whose divine spirit needs noe othir witnesse than the workes which he left behind him." Francis Beaumont was the next poet to join his brothers. He had walked often in the Abbey, tasted its dust, and become enamoured of its riches:

Here's an acre sown indeed  
With the richest, royallest seed;

Here are sands, ignoble things,  
Dropt from the rain'd sides of kings.

Drayton followed, and again an Anne Clifford was the

giver of a poet's monument. Ben Jonson usually receives the credit of the epitaph, but Quarles may deserve it. It is the earliest poet's epitaph on a poet which remains in the Abbey. Mr. Troutbeck gives it thus:

Doe, pious marble, let thy readers knowe  
What they and what their children owe  
To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust  
We recommend unto thy trust.  
Protect his mem'ry and preserve his storye,  
Remaine a lastinge monument of his glorye;  
And when thy ruins shall disclame  
To be the tresser of his name,  
His name, that cannot fade, shall be  
An everlasting monument to thee.

How this fellowship of the dead poets was felt in Elizabethan times is seen in the lines in which a forgotten poet pleads for a place for the bones of Shakespeare, who died in the same year as Beaumont:

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh  
To learned Chaucer: and, rare Beaumont, lie  
A little nearer Spenser, to make room  
For Shakespeare in your threefold fourfold tomb.

To which—when Shakespeare's remains had been laid at Stratford—Ben Jonson replied:

My Shakespeare, rise, I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further off to make thee room.  
Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
And art alive still while thy book doth live  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

It is delightful to think that Ben Jonson is in the Abbey. He had irradiated love and praise among his fellow poets at the Mermaid, yet his chances of joining them in the long fellowship of the grave were not of the brightest. Poverty and neglect darkened his latter days. Some premonition that he might be shut out of the noble company of the Voiceless seems to have haunted his mind. There is an Abbey legend that points to this. It is said that one day, being rallied by the Dean of Westminster about being buried in Poets' Corner, Jonson remarked: "I am too poor for that, and no one will lay out funeral charges upon me. No, sir, 6 feet long by 2 feet wide is too much for me; 2 feet by 2 will do all I want." "You shall have it," said the Dean. Apocryphal as the story sounds, its essential truth is supported by the fact that in 1849, when Sir Robert Watson's grave was being made, the Clerk of the Works "saw the two leg-bones of Jonson, fixed bolt upright in the sand, as though the body had been buried in the upright position; and the skull came rolling down among the sand, from a position above the leg-bones, to the bottom of the newly made grave. There was still hairs upon it, and it was of a red colour." Unfortunately the grave is not in Poets' Corner at all, as Jonson's bust (on the same wall as the monuments of Spenser and Milton) may lead the innocent pilgrim to believe. Mr. Troutbeck is careful to point out that Jonson's actual resting-place—and the original slab over his remains, with the words, "O Rare Ben Jonson" cut upon it—must be sought in the north aisle of the nave. The stone has been placed against the wall for its better preservation. Gifford says that a nobler monument was intended by Jonson's friends, but

till this was ready nothing more was required than to cover his ashes decently with the stone which had been removed. While this was doing, Aubrey tells us, Sir John Young, of Great Milton, Oxfordshire, whom he familiarly calls Jack Young, chanced to pass through the Abbey, and, not enduring that the remains of so great a man should lie at all without a memorial, gave one of the workmen eightpence to cut the words in question. The subscription was fully successful, but the troubles which were hourly becoming more serious, and which not long after broke out into open rebellion, prevented the execution of the monument, and the money was returned to the subscribers.

The same words, "O Rare Ben Jonson," appear under the Poets' Corner bust, which is Jonson's real monument. Mr. Troutbeck might just have noted the fact that here the poet's name is spelt "Johnson." High up in his corner, near the door, Jonson looks down with a kind of satisfaction—a humble yet festive figure—on the sepulchres of the poets. Many of these cover men whom he knew and loved, and not one, perhaps, holds a heart to which he had given needless pain.

Jonson was succeeded in the poet laureateship to Charles I. by Sir William Davenant, whose grave is inscribed "O rare Sir William Davenant." Davenant's is one of the Abbey funerals that we can picture. Pepys writes on April 9, 1668:

I up and down to the Duke of York's playhouse, there to see, which I did, Sir W. Davenant's corpse carried out towards Westminster, there to be buried. Here were many coaches and six horses, and many hacknies, that made it look, methought, as if it were the buriall of a poor poet. He seemed to have many children, by five or six in the first mourning-coach, all boys.

Almost in the same year Abraham Cowley came to lie near Chaucer. He was gloriously interred, being "conveyed to Westminster," says Evelyn, "in a hearse with six horses and all funeral decency, near a hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of quality following; among these all the wits of the town, divers bishops, and clergymen." All the wits of the town and divers bishops—what a following! The coming of Dryden in 1700 was a great event in the annals of "Poets' Corner." The stories of a turbulent funeral are unpleasant and unauthenticated enough to be set aside. No poet has a simpler and nobler tomb than Dryden. He was buried so close to Chaucer that Chaucer's tombstone is said to have been sawn asunder in making the grave. At first he suffered the epitaph neglect from which Jonson was saved by a passer-by; and Pope drew attention to the homelessness of "Dryden's awful dust" in his epitaph for Rowe:

Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,  
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.

It is said to have been on this hint that Dryden's patron, Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, erected a bust, which was soon replaced by the present one, a masterpiece of Scheemaker's. Dryden is one of those poets whose enmities needed the reconciliations of the Abbey. It is curious, nevertheless, that Shadwell's bust and Dryden's are removed as far from each other as possible, and that their faces are averted from each other's gaze in a way that is rather amusing when noticed on the spot. The grinding scorn of Dryden's lines—

And for my foes, may this their blessing be,  
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee—

can hardly be forgotten in the Abbey. Next to Shadwell rests Dryden's far more dangerous critic, Prior, who ridiculed his reign at Will's Coffee House:

'Tis schiam, a damned offence,  
To question his, or trust your private sense.

Why is Prior so little remembered as a man? He must have been a delightful fellow, or he could not have spent so many evenings with Swift; the Diary to Stella is full of Prior. He was liker Horace than any poet we have bred, though he rather desired Horace's life than lived it. One wish of his needs no better expression than he gave to it:

Great Mother, let me once be able  
To have a garden, house, and stable,  
That I may read, and write, and plant,  
Superior to desire or want;  
And as health fails, and years increase,  
Sit down, think, and die in peace.

Addison had preceded Prior to the Abbey by two years.

He was, so to speak, born to be buried in the Abbey. His piety, his learning, his wit, his predilections, and his achievements, fitted and entitled him to such honour. And his is the classic Abbey funeral. "On the north side of that Chapel," says Macaulay, "in the vault of the House of Albemarle, the coffin of Addison lies next to the coffin of Montague. Yet a few months; and the same mourners passed again along the same aisle. The same sad anthem was again chanted. The same vault was again opened; and the coffin of Craggs was placed close to the coffin of Addison." How one likes to add that a century and a half later, at the foot of Addison's statue in Poets' Corner, was laid the coffin of Macaulay. But it is, of course, in Tickell's grand ode that Addison's obsequies haunt literature:

How silent did his old companions tread,  
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the Dead,  
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things.  
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of Kings!  
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;  
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;  
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;  
And the last words, that Dust to Dust convey'd!  
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,  
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.  
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu;  
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.

By such glorious burials has Poets' Corner been commended and ratified to the poets of England. Three centuries ago Fuller, seeing how Poetry was making herself a last home here, wrote:

Chaucer lies buried in the south aisle of St. Peter's, Westminster, and now hath got the company of Spenser and Drayton, a pair royal of poets enough almost to make passengers' feet to move metrically, who go over the place where so much poetical dust is interred.

How much more now, when even poets who do not lie here are represented by monuments in the spot which of all others in England is sacred to Poetry. Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Thomson, Goldsmith, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, Scott, and many others who lie in English churches, or under the shade of yews, have their monuments here. There are, indeed, many names wholly missing. Neither Shelley's nor Byron's can be found. These exclusions can be understood in a narrow and obvious view; but will public opinion sanction them always? Keats's monument must surely come. Herriek and Sidney among the older poets are nameless, and minor poets so English as Crabbe and so rare as Landor; but to ask for monuments to these were to ask too much.

### Romance and Banking.

*Coutts & Co., Bankers, Edinburgh and London.* By Ralph Richardson. (Stock. 7s. 6d.)

To look only at the back of this book and read *Coutts & Co.* is calculated to awaken a mingled train of reflections. It is a signature one likes to see on a cheque; but the name in a book suggests a tale of financial operations, long rows of figures and percentages that scarcely are calculated to provoke a violent human interest. Yet we are greatly mistaken if even the lazy general reader, lightly skimming the page for amusement, will not conclude before he is done that the title is the only forbidding thing about it. Mr. Richardson has brought much skill to the making of this book: a fine taste in selecting pictures; a style as sound as it is agreeable; and, above all, a keen sympathy with many phases of life and manners. The annals of any great banking house are likely to make good reading; but the family of Coutts has had so much to do with the familiar figures of the past and the present, that there is a special justification for



drawing up this authentic account of it. Two of the most striking episodes are more or less generally known, but they are treated here very fully: one is the story of the pretty housemaid; the other that of the lady in the green mantle.

John Coutts, the founder of the banking house and Lord Provost of Edinburgh, had two sons, one of whom was the celebrated Thomas Coutts. Mr. Richardson skilfully disentangles his character from its contradictory aspects. He was a martinet in business; most precise in his dealings; prudent and yet bold when boldness was needed; a just, but strict, master. He was so punctual that people in the Strand could set their clocks from his habit of entering the bank at the stroke of nine. Yet he did not, in a metaphor, carry his ledgers home with him. When the day's work was done, the wealthiest banker of his age relapsed into a singularly cultured private gentleman, modest to the point of meanness in dress, but a lavish host, and a faithful, generous friend. His brother had in his service, to quote from a contemporary pamphlet, "a blooming young rustic," who was much admired for "the freshness of her complexion and the beauty of her features." She was also, we are told, "clean, industrious, and good-humoured." They always called her Betty as a housemaid, but her right name was Susan. With her Thomas fell in love, and in due time they were married and lived in St. Martin's-lane, where wit and fashion came a-visiting, and found little to censure in the servant-lass transformed to a lady. Her granddaughter is the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the youngest of her children, Sophia, having married, in 1793, Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., M.P., the father of the Baroness. But that simple tale does not complete the romance of Thomas Coutts. The poor housemaid, who began by scrubbing the stairs of the bank, did not enjoy her new-found prosperity very long. She was for many years before her death, in 1814, afflicted with deafness and imbecility, the results of an illness. Thus deprived of her company, Coutts, naturally enough, took to his ancient bachelor habit of spending many evenings at the play: that is how he came to meet a theatrical star of the day, "the handsomest Audrey on the stage," Harriott Mellon. Her subsequent career is the best proof of her virtue; but she was what one would call a product of her time and environment. She was forty-five years younger than Mr. Coutts, and had never seen her father, her mother, after her birth, marrying a strolling player and musician, and her early memories being of the day when, at the heels of this Bohemian couple, she rambled through hamlet and village. Some charitable ladies, pitying her condition, sent her to school, whence she duly emerged to wear the buskin in booth and barn, and, finally, establish her fame as an actress. The interest she excited in Mr. Coutts appears to have been paternal; but these were days of scandalous newspapers, and the venomous scribes began to talk of "a certain rich banker's relish for melon," and "the celebrated actress who made a slip near an eminent banking house," and so on. About a month after his wife's death, to end this defamation, he proposed marriage to this actress. He had previously requested her not to act any more, the occasion being when she appeared as Audrey at Drury-lane "in a rather short petticoat revealing yellow silk stockings with black clocks." The public was enthusiastic, but "dear old Tom," as she called him, somewhat scandalised. He died at eighty-seven, leaving her all his money; and, five years later, she went again to the altar, this time as the bride of "William Aubrey de Vere, ninth Duke of St. Albans." She had no children, and at her death, in 1837, restored her fortune to the Coutts family, "her heiress being the Baroness Burdett-Coutts." Strolling vagabond, actress, rich banker's wife, Duchess—what an experience to go through, and leave at the end a really noble reputation!

Sir Walter Scott's "three years of dreaming and two of

wakening" have, as he foresaw, already been chronicled, notably by Adam Scott in his book *Sir Walter Scott's First Love*, but the story of the girl in the green mantle comes in appropriately here since the poet's successful rival (his staunch and life-long friend too) was Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo, eldest son of Sir William Forbes, banker at Edinburgh and apprentice and successor to Coutts & Co., of that city. "Down, down a hundred thoughts," wrote Scott when in the cloudy setting of his career Sir William Forbes stood by him in the hour of need. Keats used to maintain that the loss of Willamina Stuart shed the glory of pensive romance over all his subsequent literary work. It is a tempting theme the effect of grief's shock upon character, and many is the strong man who has repeated with a sense of awe the mystical sense of it dawning upon him: "Thou shalt lay the foundations in thy firstborn and in thy youngest son shalt thou set up the gates thereof." At the end of *The Lady of the Lake* Scott explains how he found distraction and consolation under the blow—

That I outlived such woes Enchantress is thine own.

Although we have touched only on those events that have been merely incidental to the history of this banking house, it ought to be said that the author has traced the career of the family with a lucidity beyond praise. The critical moments in its fortunes are vividly and dramatically described. Almost as much is owed to good luck as good guiding. On disastrous Black Monday (June 8, 1772) when "in Edinburgh the fallen banks lay thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," a quidnunc set it abroad that £2,000,000 in specie had arrived at Coutts's Bank from London—the sum being, in point of fact, only £3,000, and distracted shareholders drew what money they could from every other concern and poured it into the only one that seemed safe!

Apart from such exciting episodes the history of the bank leaves a very pleasant impression of men, very independent it is true and bull-necked, yet at the same time cultured, kind, generous, charitable, fit all of them to be kith and kin of the gentle lady whose name is a household word loved and revered almost as much as is that of the Queen herself.

### Authorised Confessions.

*A Day in the Cloister.* Adapted from the German of Don Sebastian von Oer, O.S.B., of St. Martin's Abbey, Beuron, by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., of St. Thomas's Abbey, Eddington. (Sands.)

A BOOK written about monkery by a monk, and bearing an archbishop's *imprimatur*, is suspect. One does not hope to find it in any true sense a human document, or from it to learn aught of the heart that beats beneath the habit and the voiceless tragedies that pulsate in the Great Silence. Benedictine history one divines to be a good deal more picturesque than it shows in these placid pages: the story of souls rent by doubt and terror; of imperious instincts batted down, of energies boxed up; of spirits sunk in sloth, voracious of small pleasures, jealous of inconsiderable dignities; of mere negations with brains of melted butter;—on the other hand, of simple sterling souls, pious and practical, and here and there of a hero of the supernatural life who, through much tribulation, has won his unitive way into the holy of holies, to a peace that is not merely the cessation from strife, but the intelligent, sensitive fruition of God.

True, we could hardly demand to be taken so deeply into confidence; but that does not preclude a certain resentment at the showman's resolute appeal. Aren't we picturesque? he seems at every turn to demand. We feel that there is in this bid for admiration a certain *manque de tact*. The Benedictine Office books and the

Rule are accessible; the great houses offer a generous hospitality to any who may desire to know of the doctrine whether it be of God; men fitted by temperament to be observers and interpreters have found in the monastic life a worthy subject for their art. Yet here must this English monk drag from the proper obscurity of its native German a flagrant *réclame* that, for style and manner, would do credit to the promoters of a provincial "hydro."

The monk's lot is to be a freewill offering, and by the oblation of himself to merit the forgiveness of his God, and to win for himself the grace of a happy death. And the anxiety to ensure this particular favour is so fervent as to have given rise to the tradition that in a certain abbey (not named) "three days before the death of a religious a white rose was found in his place in choir; he who found it took it up silently, and prepared himself for death." The signs of the religious vocation are, says St. Benedict in the 58th chapter of his Holy Rule, to be judged by four tests:

- (1) Whether he who knocks at the door of the cloister truly seeks God; (2) whether he be zealous for the work of God; (3) whether he be desirous of obedience; (4) whether he be prepared for humiliations and contempt.

The novitiate, which lasts a year, is initiated with elaborate ceremonies that conclude with the washing of the novice's feet by the abbot. The solemn profession, its natural sequel, is still more dramatic. The accumulated ingenuity of centuries has left nothing to the imagination. The new religious is put fairly to bed in his coffin while the Mass proceeds, and is roused at the moment of Communion by the voice of one who assumes the rôle of the angel of the resurrection. Henceforth he is bound to the recitation of the Divine Office, in which many hours of the day and night are spent. That function is essentially dramatic.

The whole choir turn, bend, kneel, rise up as one man, with a rhythmic regularity inspired by the most lively devotion.

"Inspired by the most lively devotion!"—inspired by tradition, habit, routine; more or less of devotion may accompany the customary observances. Indeed, the author shambles on:

St. Bernard once saw an angel writing down the prayers of the monks, some with letters of gold, some of silver, others of black ink, or colourless water, according as they differed in value before God. But it is always a consolation for the weak and faltering to know that their prayer, united with and borne up by the strong, will reach the ear of God; just as their voices, chiming in with the rest, are wafted upwards in one common harmony. It is as when the eagle bears its young aloft upon its outstretched wings to accustom them, by degrees, to behold the sun.

It may be; we take the liberty to doubt it. But let us return to our monk. At some time or other he is ordained priest. Then, in addition to the singing of the Office, he celebrates day by day the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Here is a dramatic moment of the day:

The sacristy door opens and a company of priests come forth, vested for Mass, their heads covered with the white amice, to the different altars, which are already lighted up. At twelve different points, on twelve altars of the Abbey Church, the same drama is being enacted. . . . To the eye of faith each altar becomes a Calvary; we hear the blows of the executioner's hammer, and the sighs of the Crucified, the little bell rings, and lo! His holy Body is there, lifted up between earth and heaven.

The monk's most important intercourse with the outside world has the confessional for its channel:

The confessional in the monastery is a place of special grace, and as such is highly valued and greatly sought after by pious souls. Many, too, frequent it who have long resisted the warning call; there many a hardened heart is touched, and many a sacrilegious [*i.e.* incomplete] confession repented of and repaired. Oh! if we could but

see, as with the eyes of his good angel, how that sinner who but now, defiled as a leper, slowly and hesitatingly entered the tribunal of penance, has come forth cleansed in the Blood of the Lamb, and radiant in the white robe of innocence! . . . These are miracles of grace, such as are daily wrought in silence, and are but little known to the outer world.

When he is not in the chapel or the refectory, or taking recreation in the garden, the father is in his cell.

Naturally this "workshop for spiritual exercise," this place of refuge for the monastic priest is strictly guarded and watched over by the customs of the cloister, since it is to it that he returns, as the dove to the Ark, because in the outer world he can find no place for the sole of his foot. No visitor may enter it without special reason, and the express permission of the Superior; even the brethren can only speak together briefly at the half-opened door. If anyone must be admitted, a little slide in the door is pushed back, and the room thus becomes at once an open one. This slide is meant to represent to the inmate of the cell the ever-present eye of God [inasmuch as it may be blinded with a turn of the wrist?] . . . A simple bed befitting a monk, a writing-desk, a washing-stand, a cupboard, a table covered with the necessary books, one or two chairs, and a small prie-dieu, form its furniture; a crucifix, and pictures of the Holy Mother of God, our Holy Father St. Benedict, and the inmate's patron saints, are its ornaments. At the entrance hangs a holy-water stoup, which is replenished every Sunday morning by freshly-blessed water. This is carried all over the house by two acolytes, and with the words "Ecce aqua benedicta" they refill each stoup, the inmate replying, "Sit mihi salus et vita."

Father Camm, or Father von Oer, conducts his readers through the house and presents him in spirit to the various officials. Of the Cellarer, upon whom devolves the care of the community larder, he takes leave in such terms of pleasantry as these:

His head may well throb and ache under his grey hair, so we will go away quietly, with a heartfelt petition that St. Joseph, the heavenly Cellarer of all monasteries, may bear him in mind and be ever well-disposed to help him.

"Heartfelt!"

There are customs handed down from a remote antiquity, and conserved in a spirit of veneration for a great past, which, described in the self-satisfied jog-trot of the guide-book, give an impression of senile decay. Take, for example, this:

We may see that young father who, for having made a slight disturbance, has gone to kneel down in the middle of the Frater, until the Abbot gives him the sign to permit him to rise. And we see yonder one of the older fathers, a venerable monk, on his knees; what can he have done amiss? The Abbot gives him a sign, he rises, bows, and another takes his place, and, if we see aright [there is something peculiarly distasteful—and, as it were, early-Victorian—about this mirthful device by which the narrator seeks to be in touch with the tourist], he has in his hand the pieces of a broken plate. Then we remember the accusations in Chapter. Monastic property is God's property, and any damage done to the least thing must be atoned for. Here is, then, the due performance of the penance imposed at Chapter.

The "Chapter of Faults," to which allusion is here made, assembles day by day, and before it the monks are expected to accuse themselves of their exterior faults against monastic discipline. This, of course, is another thing than sacramental confession in which theological sins are, by monks as by all the faithful, secretly confessed to a priest.

His self-accusation [we read], together with the sentence it calls forth, gives both edification and instruction to all the brethren, each of whom smites his breast in secret, and applies the reproof of the Abbot to himself.



Upon his deathbed the monk still treads in the well-worn way of precedent. Note the words in italics:

The last sacraments have been administered to the sick monk, with all their impressive rites; he has been laid, *by his own desire*, on consecrated ashes spread upon the floor in the form of a cross; the whole convent is kneeling, inside or just outside the room, in quiet prayer; he holds the crucifix and the rosary in one failing hand, and they place the blessed candle in the other. With scarcely audible voice, he begs the convent to pardon any annoyance or scandal he may have given. Then the Abbot, *at his earnest entreaty*, gives him leave to die.

It seems a happy point at which to take leave of a book the publication whereof, we think, is to be regretted for the sake of the great Order that, with insincere rhetoric, pious commonplace, and slipshod, unscholarly English, it lays open to ridicule.

### The Empire Maker as Orator.—An Impression.

*Cecil Rhodes: his Political Life and Speeches, 1881-1900.*  
By Vindex. (Chapman & Hall.)

OUT of this stout tome each reader can build up for himself Mr. Cecil Rhodes as he speaks to the world, and the portrait at the beginning will help him in the task. Mr. Rhodes seems to be a big man, with square, massive shoulders, on which is set a head that has something leonine about it. The face is inscrutable, the jaw square and inflexible, and the eyes have the look of one who sees things far away, and who is used to gaze across a continent, and not merely across a street. His friends say that Mr. Rhodes is occasionally almost boyish in manner, but there is no trace of it in the portrait.

The empire builder is evidently not an orator in the ordinary acceptance of the term. There are no graces, no "frills" about his speeches, which are straight and to the point, and give one the impression of a man who has no time to waste on mere verbiage. In his spoken words we have no hint of the senior classical scholarship with which he ended his school days, any more than in his person we see a trace of the chill which he caught when rowing at Oriel, Oxford, a chill which settled on his lungs and sent him out to South Africa to die, as his medical attendants thought. His words are conversational, and plainly come on the spur of the moment. "No one ever accused me of preparing a speech, though no doubt it is the proper thing to do," he says in one of his speeches. And yet there are simple, homely phrases in his public utterances which have become familiar quotations, such as "From Cape Town to Cairo," "All that English, that's my dream," "Unctuous rectitude." In 1883, when speaking of the country to the north, he described Bechuanaland as the "Suez Canal of the trade" of Cape Colony, and in the same speech he defined the policy to which he has held for twenty years through evil report and good report: "I believe in a United States of South Africa, but as a portion of the British Empire." That phrase was uttered in 1883, and it is the keynote to the book. It runs through all the speeches in thought if not in word, and it is the aim and object of his whole life.

Five years later he amplifies the idea in the words: "We must endeavour to make those who live with us feel that there is no race distinction between us; whether Dutch or English, we are combined in one object, and that is the union of the states of South Africa, without abandoning the Imperial tie." Here we have the cause of the antagonism between Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Kruger in the words "the Imperial tie." Little touches in these speeches suddenly reveal the speaker and throw a light on his character. For example, when Mr. Hofmeyr, the most deadly opponent of England in Cape Colony, proposed that members of the Cape Legislature should be obliged to wear black, in imitation of the Pretoria Volksraad, Mr.

Rhodes remarked: "I am still in Oxford tweeds, and I think I can legislate as well in them as in sable clothing," an answer which shows his plain common sense. Again, when a peddling retrenchment was proposed, he said, "Mere retrenchment of salaries will not meet the case. You may cut off the salaries of a few poor clerks here and there, but you are not going to meet an enormous deficiency in that way"—a remark which might frequently be addressed to the House of Commons with equal force.

Reading through these speeches the prescience, or, as he himself would probably say, the power of looking ahead, which Mr. Rhodes possesses is vividly brought home by a sentence in his speech on the Bechuanaland Settlement in 1885: "Do you think that if the Transvaal had Bechuanaland it would be allowed to keep it? Would not Bismarck have some quarrel with the Transvaal, and without resources and without men what could they do? Germany would come across from her settlement at Angra Pequena. That would be some excuse to pick a quarrel—some question of brandy or guns or something—and then Germany would stretch from Angra Pequena to Delagoa Bay." The book is a big one, but it is worth reading if only for the discovery of the keynote to the statesman's public life: "I believe in a United States of South Africa, but as a portion of the British Empire."

### Fiction.

#### Some American Heroines.

*Unleavened Bread.* By Robert Grant. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

*Blix, a Love Idyll.* By Frank Norris. (Richards. 3s. 6d.)

*As the Light Led.* By James Newton Baskett. (Macmillan. 6s.)

WHEN a man seeks to define the charm of woman he finds that his task is synthesis rather than analysis. Clothes become her in a literal as well as a colloquial sense, the grace of nature is inwoven with the grace of artifice so cunningly that he cannot separate them. She is concealed by that which expresses her and expressed by that which conceals her. Her many moods (though some be doubtless products of calculation and design) by their very variety hint at a spontaneity in which her beauty persuades him to believe. In the end it is easier to abandon the attempt to define her and to take out of Celia's mouth the exclamations which offended Rosalind in "As You Like It": "O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!"

But in this indefatigable age even glammers are classified, and women, though never to be wholly explored, can be mentally segregated.

She of America may be profitably studied in the three novels before us, for it is safe to say that, in each case, by dint of the author's knowledge of her environment, she could not be mistaken for a native of any other land than her own. In *Blix* and in *Selma*, the heroine of *Unleavened Bread*, two extremes confront one another, but both are products of the democratic spirit. *Blix* is woman strengthened by liberty to love better, more helpfully; *Selma* is woman hardened and falsified by ambition till she becomes, if the phrase be admissible, a sort of leech or parasite of the democratic spirit. In depicting *Selma* Mr. Grant has produced a work of art so symmetrical and sincere that it deserves also to be called a work of science. She has a secret perception that republicanism consists in the existence of a place for *Selma* at the top of American society whence she can look down on the aspiring friends whose presumption she despises. Thrice was she married; but each time the husband was but a stepping-stone. The offence of her first husband against her, though solitary and contritely regretted, found her inexorable. She had

neglected him for a Congress of Women's Clubs, and he pleaded his loneliness. "Here," she said, slipping off her wedding-ring, "this belongs to you." It was, of course, her "soul" that revolted, but she promptly married, after her divorce, an architect of delicate talent, whom she would have made play Andrea Del Sarto to her Lucrezia. Upon his death she married a third time, the bridegroom being a lawyer—a man of straw, but imposingly stuffed. Him we see mounting the political ladder of the United States as Congressman, Governor, and Senator. It was Selma who made him Senator. It was done at the sacrifice of his honour as a gentleman. "The eternal verities are concerned," she said. That was Selma's way. She canted her way through everything to gain position and notoriety. A social evening was nothing to her unless she could recite "O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" She was incapable of the maternal feeling. Her second husband more than once detected her "looking at the babies with a wistful glance. She was really admiring their clothes, yet the thought of how prettily she would have been able to dress a baby of her own was at times so pathetic as to bring tears to her eyes, and cause her to deplore her own lack of children as misfortune." Selma was lovely, but the awful vulgarity of her soul would creep out to defile it despite her cleverness. The varnish of a new American town is smelt in her; it is the spoor-scent by which we track her. She is convinced of her own worthiness and the virtue of the quack-loving energy which is hers. Wherefore the author, while doubtless disliking her extremely, can but leave her seraphically "penetrating the future even into Paradise." For ourselves we may truly say that not "Bel-Ami" himself, whom in feminine, respectable fashion she more than a little resembles, leaves in the wake of his crowning triumph quite so implacable an odour as this same Selma, uncynical and chaste though she be.

Gladly we turn to Blix, who is loved by her author with a Pygmalion-passion, which vivifies without a prayer to the gods. He is never tired of showing the strength of his visualisation of this daughter of San Francisco. She wore instead of a belt "the huge dog-collar of a St. Bernard." In its way that's as good a touch of domestic life as the painting of Amy's boots in *Little Women*. Our eyes rise from the dog-collar to the "high tight band of white satin" which she wore round her throat, and then they see the "honest yellow hair," and the "sloe-brown, glittering little eyes." She induced a tenderness "for all the good things of the world," and she set to work to manufacture a man out of her conceited, fiction-spinning lover. She cured him of gambling and of promise-breaking. To her indirectly he owed his best inspiration, a story too good to be retailed as a sketch. Shop—literary shop—is a dangerous element to introduce into fiction. This, too, was made in a shop, the reader is apt to think. But Blix triumphs. Because she is so tender, so gay, so truthful; because she preferred comradeship to the philanderings of lukewarm love, we forgive the fanfare which announces her final awakening. "The moment that had been in preparation for the last few months, the last few years, the last few centuries, behold! it had arrived." It was a moment that came after innumerable holidayings with her lover. Listen to her as she sits on a log within sight of "the old fort at the entrance of the Golden Gate," "clasping her hand upon her knees, and rocking to and fro":

"Oh, Condy, and you thought of a lunch—you said it was shoes—and you remembered I loved stuffed olives too; and a book to read. What's it?—*The Seven Seas*. No, I never was so happy. But the mouth-organ—what's that for?"

"To play on. What did you think—think it was a can-opener?"

Neither Blix nor Selma could have fully understood Nannie Ditmer of *As the Light Led*. She was sectarian and stated her grievance against her lover thus: "What'd

he want to go and make a Methodist of himself right in my face for?" She attracts the reader's attention at an early stage by pinching a notch out of the wing of a fly to make it match the other. "I can't stand a one-sided thing," she remarked. She was a very sensitive girl, and when her lover visited her at school, "kind of country-like—pants in his boot-tops and all that," as one of her companions observed, she flouted him dreadfully, not knowing that his mother was dying. But she was clever and recognised the weakness of a showy man. "He heightened the burnish of many things, but he was not part of them. . . . He could not stretch himself and make a dead scene quiver into life." Of these three heroines she is the most surrounded by the properties of romance, though *Blix* ends with a most candid creak of optimistic machinery. Nannie is nearly frozen to death; she has brain-fever; there is a prairie fire, a cattle pest. The author is a poet in his way, yet "where were heroism without catastrophes?" he seems to ask. It would be hard to say if, in the language of a character in *Blix*, Mr. Smith's story is "a snorkin' good" one, but it is certainly interesting and gracious. It contains, by the way, some extraordinary dialect.

Here we must leave our women. None of them is the woman of Charles Dana Gibson's pencil and Mrs. Burton Harrison's pen. We imagine them to be less hotel-seasoned than theirs. They are Americans, and they are heroines. Cosmopolis knows none such.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

#### THE WEB OF LIFE.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

Medical students should enjoy this story by the author of *Literary Love Letters*. Other readers must decide whether they can stand the atmosphere of a Chicago hospital, the jargon of operation and diagnosis, and problems of medical ethics. There is, of course, the relief of love interest. (Macmillan.)

#### A GIFT FROM THE GRAVE.

BY EDITH WHARTON.

We have already related the curious difficulties encountered in giving this novel a title. Mrs. Wharton, whose story, *The Greater Inclination*, attracted much notice, has now written an interesting story on the ethics of publishing private letters. The hero finds that his possession of sacredly intimate letters from his deceased friend, Margaret Aubyn, places money, almost wealth, in his reach. When he has anonymously published the letters, he finds that his action is execrated by his own wife and friends, while each day increases his royalties and—the certainty of his detection. An interesting study of conduct. (Murray.)

#### THE FLICK OF FORTUNE.

BY THOMAS PARKES.

We confess to a weakness for the novel that feelingly persuades us what it is. Entirely readable in its way, this story opens at the sentence: "For the present there was nothing but joy. All weakness, all shortcomings, all self-reproach was forgotten. When the Vicar and Jack entered the dining-room where Mrs. Hardcastle and Nell sat writing, with the indifference born of perfect confidence, everything else was drowned in a chorus of laughter and sobs. The Vicar felt out of place, and, after a few broken words of perfunctory blessing, fled back to his study." (White & Co. 6s.)

#### THE GODDESS: A DEMON.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

More red-hot melodrama. "The Woman Who Came Through the Window" is a charming chapter-heading. She doesn't know who she is, or where she has come from, or whether she walks in her sleep, or why she is covered with blood, or why soap and water are offered to her. There seems to be a Hindoo idol ahead. It is all capital reading for Margate. (White & Co.)



## THE ACADEMY.

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## Byron as Self-Critic.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S design to produce "Manfred" at the Lyceum is, at any rate, interesting. It stirs up old poetic experiences, and recalls a glamour which refuses to fade in any literary lumber-room to which men, in their pride of new things, may have consigned it. There will be much new talk about Byron, and we should like to know who is better worth talking about in these depressed days. It may be that we shall all think better of Byron's poetry, finding not only that it is "good in parts," but that the good parts are very good indeed—facts which were never in doubt, but which are much obscured. Only the other day we heard a critic speak of Byron's poetry as a dead thing; and there was something in his calm, merciless dismissal of a once powerful force, of a once far-shining name, which touched our loyalty. Are men thus deceived? Can poetry which has once profoundly stirred a people, a continent, sink into the nothingness that deserves a shrug? We trow not. We remember that Macaulay, writing in the Byronic period, peered into the future which is our present, and tried to read our thoughts about Byron. He gave it up; but he said in his fine perorational way, that when all deductions had been made by the next generations of readers there would remain much in Byron's poetry which could perish only with the English language. If that is the truth—and we are much inclined to think it is the truth—then the present state of Byron's reputation is curious. Broadly speaking, his poetry is not read. Well, that is nothing. It was argued with great skill a few months ago that Browning is not read deeply by more than an infinitesimal percentage of cultivated readers. Is Shelley widely read? We think not. But the world calls back its mighty men of song when it has need of them; and we are by no means sure that such a call is not going forth to Byron. If it be so, it will be the sanest and kindest and justest call that he has yet received from his countrymen. It is not for nothing that Mr. Murray is issuing Byron's poems and Byron's letters side by side. Never before has such an opportunity been given to see the man and the poet steady, and see them whole; and unite them in stereoscopic solidity. There must be thousands of readers to whom Byron's letters, as they are now being republished with additions, are as lamps to his works. They suggest the real relations between Byron and his poetry; they light up the sources—the inferior but perfectly intelligible sources of his inspirations—and leaving much clear that has been dark, and separating much that has been confusedly mingled, they permit—perhaps for the first time—a really clean estimate to be made of Byron's executive literary powers. If this at all represents the situation; if Byron is about to be judged again with kindlier and clearer eyes, then this project of producing "Manfred" at the Lyceum Theatre may be welcomed as a factor and stimulus in the movement.

As for the chances of "Manfred," in the box-office point of view, we hazard no predictions. There are exclamations and sneers in the air. "Manfred" is no stage-play—a fact on which Byron himself laid enough emphasis to

last for all time; and yet it has twice been staged in London, and—has succeeded. In Sir Henry Irving's hands this "dramatic poem" will at least yield fine recitation and splendid scenery; and we have known these two ingredients to make a good dish. To look at the backgrounds of "Manfred" is to foresee Sir Henry Irving's spectacular triumph.

ACT I.: Scene I.—Manfred alone.—Scene, a Gothic Gallery.—Time, Midnight.

ACT II.: Scene I.—A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps. Scene III.—The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.

ACT III.: Scene I.—A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.

And so on. What of "Manfred" as poetry? We have not set out to weigh its pretensions; our purpose is to show how Byron himself weighed them. It is certainly a very curious coincidence that this improbable revival of "Manfred" is announced at the very time when those who love good reading are fastening on the fourth volume of the new edition of the Letters. For therein is the story of "Manfred," told by Byron, its author, to Murray, its publisher; and that story we purpose to give, as much as possible, in Byron's words. It is curious that Byron's first mention of "Manfred" begins with the statement that he had forgotten it. Writing from Venice on February 15, 1817, he says:

I forgot to mention to you that a kind of Poem or dialogue (in blank verse) or drama, from which "The Incantation" is an extract, begun last summer in Switzerland, is finished; it is in three acts; but of a very wild, metaphysical, and inexplicable kind. Almost all the persons—but two or three—are spirits of the earth and air, or the waters; the scene is in the Alps . . .

After sketching the plot in a couple of sentences, Byron hastens to damn his play as a play:

You may perceive by this outline that I have no great opinion of this piece of phantasy: but I have at least rendered it quite impossible for the stage, for which my intercourse with D[rury] Lane has given me the greatest contempt. I have not even copied it off, and feel too lazy at present to attempt the whole; but when I have, I will send it you, and you may either throw it into the fire or not.

Three weeks later the first act of "Manfred" has gone to Murray, and Byron writes in the wake of his consignment:

I sent you the other day, in two covers, the first act of *Manfred*, a drama as mad as Nat Lee's *Bedlam* tragedy, which was in twenty-five acts and some odd scenes.

The second and third acts were sent within a few days. In the following reference it is interesting to notice Byron's continued inability to give a precise name to "Manfred":

In remitting the third act of the sort of dramatic poem of which you will by this time have received the two first (at least I hope so) . . . I have little to observe, except that you must not publish it (if it ever is to be published) without giving me previous notice. I have really and truly no notion whether it is good or bad; and as this was not the case with the principal of my former publications, I am, therefore, inclined to rank it but humbly. You will submit it to Mr. G[ifford], and to whomsoever you please besides.

All this uncertainty did not obscure Byron's vision as a business man:

With regard to question of copyright (if ever it comes to publication), I do not know whether you would think three hundred guineas an over-estimate; if you do, you may diminish it: I do not think it worth more; so you may see I make some difference between it and the other.

We shall see presently how Byron comes to grips with Murray about the price of "Manfred"—a subject on which all vagueness disappears. Meanwhile he chatters to Tom Moore about the origin of the poem. His Swiss tour

with Hobhouse had been the nursery of its dark imaginings:

I kept a journal of the whole for my sister Augusta, part of which she copied and let Murray see. I wrote a sort of mad Drama, for the sake of introducing the Alpine scenery in description: and this I sent lately to Murray. . . . I suppose they have arrived.

They had arrived. There is correspondence; Byron continues to warn Murray of its doubtfulness:

I repeat that I have not an idea whether it is good or bad. . . . The price will show you I don't pique myself upon it, so speak out. You may put it on the fire if you like; and Gifford *don't* like.

By the second week of April matters have so far progressed that publication is assured; and there is talk of proofs. Byron writes:

As for *Manfred*, it is no use sending proofs: nothing of that kind ever comes. I sent the whole at different times. The two first acts are the best; the third so so: but I was blown with the first and second heats. You must call it "a poem," for it is *no drama*, and I do not desire to have it called by so Sotheby-ish a name—"a poem in dialogue," or—Pantomime, if you will; anything but a green-room Synonym; and this is your motto—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Meanwhile his literary conscience has become remorseful about his third act:

The third act is certainly damned bad, and, like the Archbishop of Grenada's homily (which savoured of the palsy), has the drags of my fever, during which it was written. . . . I would not have it published as it is on any account. The speech of Manfred to the Sun is the only part of this act I thought good myself; the rest is certainly as bad as bad can be, and I wonder what the devil possessed me.

So the third act is returned to Venice, and re-written. In sending the new version to Murray, Byron remarks that it "will at least prove that I wish to steer very clear of the possibility of being put into scenery." Meanwhile the question of price had revived with the progress of the poem through the press; and we have a grand onslaught on Murray. Of such there are many in this volume—all joys to read. Is there not in the following letter, demanding his price, the very forthrightness, grip of essentials, and mastery of working words, that is the making of all Byron's best stanzas?

Do you mean to say that it ["*Manfred*"] is dearer or shorter than Mr. R.'s *Jaqueline*? or than my *Lara*? or than *The Giaour*? or the *Bride*? Or do you mean to say that it is inferior to these as Poetry? or that its dramatic form renders it less susceptible of profit? I will tell you that to you, from its being the first poem of mine in that form, it must to a certain degree be more advantageous, as far as an object of curiosity. . . . You are to print in what form you please—that is your concern; as far as your connection with myself has gone, you are the best judge how far you have lost or gained—probably sometimes one and sometimes the other, but when you come to me with your "*can*" and talk to me about the copy of *Manfred* as if the "force of purchase would no further go," I say unto you verily, it is not so; or, as the Foreigner said to the Waiter, after asking him to bring a glass of water, to which the man answered, "I will, sir,"—"You will!—God damn—I say, you *mush*!" . . . So there's for you. There is always some row or other previously to all our publications: it should seem that, on approximating, we can never quite get over the natural antipathy of author and bookseller, and that more particularly the ferine nature of the latter must break forth.

Of course, Byron got his money; Murray was no huckster. The poem was soon out, and the reviewers fell to. Byron—ill-served, as he always was, in the matter of

news—tried to pick up the course of things. He writes to the peccant Murray:

With regard to the critique on *Manfred*, you have been in such a devil of a hurry, that you have only sent me the half: it breaks off at page 294. Send me the rest: and also page 270, where there is an account of "the supposed origin of this dreadful story"—in which, by the way, whatever it may be, the conjecturer is out, and knows nothing of the matter. I had a better origin than he can devise or divine, for the soul of him. You say nothing of Manfred's luck in the world; and I care not—he is one of the best of my misbegotten, say what they will.

Not yet had Byron so much as seen a copy of his poem; and when it did arrive there was fork-lightning for Murray:

The copies of *Manfred* and *Tasso* are arrived. . . . You have destroyed the whole effect and moral of the poem by omitting the last line of Manfred's speaking. ["Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die"]; and why this was done, I know not. Why you persist in saying nothing of the thing itself, I am equally at a loss to conjecture. If it is for fear of telling me something disagreeable, you are wrong, because sooner or later I must know it. . . . I have, however, heard good of *Manfred* from two other quarters, and from men who would not be scrupulous in saying what they thought, or what was said; and so "good-morrow to you Master Lieutenant."

And so a good-morrow to—"Manfred" at the Lyceum.

## Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

FRENCH young men are assuredly in strange contrast with Anglo-Saxon youth. M. Demolins has written an enthusiastic volume to prove the superiority of the latter. This superiority is by no means so emphatic, so general as the excellent M. Demolins believes. Each race might give the other more points than the other is likely to fancy. For instance, here is an intellectual prize many an intelligent English youth would be glad to work for and proud to obtain: a travelling scholarship. A brilliant young Frenchman I know writes me from Paris that he will shortly start on a voyage round the world, having obtained the liberal sum of six hundred pounds (75,000 frs.), for that purpose. An anonymous endowment of one of their universities permits of five young men obtaining this valuable and really splendid scholarship. Now it may be delightful, healthy and moral to train a band of Anglo-Saxon barbarians to play cricket and football, win all sorts of triumphs in the field of sport, but I own myself to a sneaking regard for the studious and intellectual French lad. He is far more interesting to talk to, and his head is freshly filled with a mass of theories and ideas unknown to his athletic brother across the Channel.

On the other hand, alas! there are pitfalls for him which the healthier animal escapes for his salvation. No land on earth can produce a more utterly odious form of young man than France, if we are to judge the product by modern fiction. I never open a new French novel without misgiving. I dread the eternal cad of twenty, with his multiplicity of mistresses, and still greater multiplicity of fugitive loves. I dread the long, wearisome discussions between these youths over absinthe and cigarettes, on sensual philosophy, which seems to be the only philosophy they understand or care about. I dread above all the bestial interviews these misguided authors call "love scenes," relations containing every vile ingredient of life but love. Then there is the revolting perversity that only intellectual youth can tumble into, and which makes you feel that imbecility is a virtue. The world we know gained some admirable verses from Baudelaire's singular and fascinating "*Fleurs de Mal*," and we may not deny that deep down, underlying the bragging vanity of vice, the superficial vulgar perversity of the man, was a chord,



capable when touched of noble response to the sentiment of infinite pity, of charming and gracious tolerance. Think of the ugly and brutal picture the average pen would make of a drunken ragman, and then remember Baudelaire's beautiful, sympathetic, and generous little poem on that gross theme. It is too long for entire quotation. But here is the staggering unfortunate, wandering along an old faubourg, "unbosoming himself in glorious projects":

Il prête des serments, dicte des lois sublimes,  
Terrasse les méchants, relève les victimes,  
Et sous le firmament, comme un dais suspendu,  
S'enivre des splendeurs de sa propre vertu.

These poor creatures—worried with domestic troubles, with poverty, broken by work, tormented with age, a mere mass of ruins—are not destitute of poetry in their degradation. He paints them in two magnificent verses. They, in their imagination,

Reviennent, parfumés d'une odeur de futailles,  
Suivis de compagnons, blanchis dans les batailles,  
Dont la moustache pend comme de vieux drapeaux,  
Les bannières, les fleurs et les arcs triomphaux  
Se dressent devant eux, solennelle magie!  
Et dans l'étourdissante et lumineuse orgie  
Des clairons, du soleil, des cris et du tambour,  
Ils apportent la gloire au peuple ivre d'amour.

How rare it is to see perversity paid for with such lines! And yet the account of Baudelaire with his succeeding generation is a long one. To the writer of these superb and noble verses most of the horrors of decadent French literature are due. The odious moral perversity which disfigured his life, his speech, his intellectual production, became a fashion, and many a book, as well as many a life, upon the boulevards would have been different if it had not been for the famous legacy of the Baudelairean spirit. To him do we owe the youth whose ambition it is to make the burgess "sit up," or "épater le bourgeois." What else could be the influence of the "master" who dyed his hair blue and went to call on Maxime du Camps to épater him? Whose joy lay in offending and shocking, and whose pride was to appear hateful! "Have you ever eaten the brains of a little child?" he once asked an unfortunate burgess. "It is excellent," and started on a story which began: "After I assassinated my poor father—"

I am reminded of Baudelaire and his pernicious example and influence by a book lately perused—*La Petite Anglaise*. It is a literary book, not destitute of style nor of intellectual feeling; with, towards the end, a certain distinct sentiment of the latent grandeur of mere unintelligent humanity, that acts and suffers with unconscious heroism, as fishermen and firemen act. The pity is, one must wade through so much vulgar and needless sensualism to reach this finer element.

Two young men meet along the Corniche, and, being *Provençals*, titled and wealthy, become comrades. They go through the usual tall talk of philosophising youth, and, what is infinitely more trying, what the French novelist regards as the indispensable experience of youth. Their loves are hideous, and one is thankful to find that they are unhappy in them. The marchionesses and countesses they encounter are such as we are too sadly familiar with, and it is not until we get to the end of the book, and are heartily sick of all these empty worldlings, that the clown enters on the scene, and brings with him a breath of humanity. The poor beggar teaches the youths what they did not understand—the beauty of sympathy and pity of common life. They become his disciples, and in helping him help themselves to grow into honest men. One says to the other: "I feel that fugitive loves are no longer worthy of us; since I have known the clown I have learnt to respect myself." This is the redeeming feature of M. Gilbert de Voisins' very French novel.

H. L.

## Things Seen.

### Sport.

BEING a Bank Holiday, the rain began in the morning; it was still falling when, in the early afternoon, I walked across the fields to the Lock, to throw a condoling glance on the boating parties. Bedraggled, top-coated, mackintoshed, they shivered on their way through the Lock. Soon I turned from the damp spectacle and crossed over to the weir pool, where a soaked fisherman sat on the stone wall eyeing his float. By his side sat a companion, a landing-net across his knees. He also peered at the float, to which pieces of weed and straw clung. The rain drizzled; the sky hung low and leaden, the trees dripped, the wind lashed the water into patterns, but the fisherman's eyes never moved from the float. "Much sport?" I asked. "They're biting!" he said in a solemn whisper. I touched his basket with my toe: it was articulately light. The drizzle changed into a strident downpour. I left the fishermen to their sport, returned home, and sat before the fire till close upon sunset. Then I went forth again, for the rain had ceased.

The swallow stooped as he hunted the fly,

I remarked to myself.

The snake slithered under a spray,  
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak  
And stared, with his foot on the prey,  
And the nightingale thought—

At this point I broke off, quoting no more that day, for there by the weir pool was the fisherman—still watching his float. Patient, sanguine, admirable man! The basket, I am sure, had not been touched. A feeling of delicacy urged me to refrain from his neighbourhood. I joined a man with a peaked cap who was leaning against the gate-beam. "Has he had any sport?" I asked. But the words had hardly left my mouth when the float ducked. The fisherman shouted, the rod bent, the line quivered, and the man with the landing-net clambered over the parapet. A few seconds later, and the fisherman was holding aloft a little gleaming fish. "Throw it back!" The command came from the official in a peaked cap, who stood by my side. "Throw it back, I say!" he repeated in a louder voice; "it's under size." There was a flash in the air, and the water sucked back the little startled fish. The rain began again. The fisherman looked at the sky. "We've still got twenty minutes of daylight," he said, stamping the water out of his boots. He put a fresh piece of dough on the hook, and once more cast forth his engine of destruction upon the troubled waters.

### The Dancers.

WAITING in a little half-deserted harbour of Fife for the evening ferry-boat, I lazily watched a battered old brig unloading timber with an elaborate leisure. Her bald white name was strangely lettered, like writing seen in a mirror; and her black, seamy sides were hoary with barnacles. She made one dream of the Baltic—frozen lands and seas—romance—mystery. It was very still. In the hold near the water level a cavern slowly disgorged immense logs, each pausing to have its chain slipped off by a man who stood on a raft letting them slip quietly into the water and float away. Between times he watched three placid old Scotsmen fishing from the quay, their six legs a-dangle. Near them a young woman in a green petticoat leaned against a post knitting. Presently she began to dance, quite slowly, turning and swaying about; and very soon a man ran down the gang-plank towards her, tossing his arms above his head. When they met, behold, a mad waltz on a pierhead in the sunset, and never a friend to lilt them a tune! Soon, parting again on a sweep and a turn,

they were darting hither and thither like swallows, and setting to each other with arching arms. A full quarter of an hour they danced, and seemed to feel no weariness, till, even stronger in my mind than the delight of watching them, was a fear lest they should stop. No one else paid them the smallest heed. The three old fishermen smoked peacefully, hauling up gleaming "podleys" without a glance behind; nor was the man on the raft less stolid at his work. Lights began to throw wavy paths across the water, and it grew dark as we steamed slowly out into the river. In a few minutes they had mingled with the haze of night, still dancing.

## Some Letters of Stephen Crane.

MR. JOHN N. HILLIARD sends to the Literary Supplement of the *New York Times* one or two extracts from some fine letters of the late Stephen Crane, which prove what a conscientious, determined literary artist he was.

The following passage is from a letter written shortly after the publication of *The Red Badge of Courage*, which, of course, came after *George's Mother* and *Maggie* (the two Bowery tales just reissued by Mr. Heinemann):

The one thing that deeply pleases me in my literary life—brief and inglorious as it is—is the fact that men of sense believe me to be sincere. *Maggie*, published in paper covers, made me the friendship of Hamlin Garland and W. D. Howells; and the one thing that makes my life worth living in the midst of all this abuse and ridicule is the consciousness that never for an instant have those friendships at all diminished. Personally, I am aware that my work does not amount to a string of dried beans—I always calmly admit it. But I also know that I do the best that is in me, without regard to cheers or damnation. When I was the mark for every humorist in the country, I went ahead; and now, when I am the mark for only 50 per cent. of the humorists of the country, I go ahead, for I understand that a man is born into the world with his own pair of eyes, and he is not at all responsible for his quality of personal honesty. To keep close to my honesty is my supreme ambition. There is a sublime egotism in talking of honesty. I, however, do not say that I am honest. I merely say that I am as nearly honest as a weak mental machinery will allow. This aim in life struck me as being the only thing worth while. A man is sure to fail at it, but there is something in the failure.

That is a fine ambition for a young writer to cherish. And it is the letter of a man without illusions. Stephen Crane seems to have seen with washen eyes from the very first. Children of a country wherein reverence is discouraged have a better chance to do so than some of us.

On another occasion he wrote:

I did little work at school, but confined my abilities, such as they were, to the diamond. Not that I disliked books, but the cut-and-dried curriculum of the college did not appeal to me. Humanity was a much more interesting study. When I ought to have been at recitations I was studying faces on the streets, and when I ought to have been studying my next day's lessons I was watching the trains roll in and out of the Central Station. So, you see, I had, first of all, to recover from college. I had to build up, so to speak. And my chiefest desire was to write plainly and unmistakably, so that all men (and some women) might read and understand. That, to my mind, is good writing. There is a great deal of labour connected with literature. I think that is the hardest thing about it. There is nothing to respect in art save one's own opinion of it.

And here is a longer passage from a letter written after Stephen Crane had won his place and had retired to England to settle for a while. The letter begins with references to the reviewers of *The Red Badge of Courage*:

They all insist that I am a veteran of the Civil War, whereas the fact is, as you know, I never smelled even the

powder of a sham battle. I know what the psychologists say, that a fellow can't comprehend a condition that he has never experienced, and I argued that many times with the Professor. Of course, I have never been in a battle, but I believe that I got my sense of the rage of conflict on the football field, or else fighting is a hereditary instinct, and I wrote intuitively; for the Cranes were a family of fighters in the old days, and in the Revolution every member did his duty. But, be that as it may, I endeavoured to express myself in the simplest and most concise way. If I failed, the fault is not mine. I have been very careful not to let any theories or pet ideas of my own creep into my work. Preaching is fatal to art in literature. I try to give to readers a slice out of life; and, if there is any moral or lesson in it, I do not try to point it out. I let the reader find it for himself. The result is more satisfactory to both the reader and myself. As Emerson said: "There should be a long logic beneath the story, but it should be kept carefully out of sight." Before the *Red Badge of Courage* was published, I found it difficult to make both ends meet. The book was written during this period. It was an effort born of pain, and I believe that it was beneficial to it as a piece of literature. It seems a pity that this should be so—that art should be a child of suffering; and yet such seems to be the case. Of course there are fine writers who have good incomes and live comfortably and contentedly; but, if the conditions of their lives were harder, I believe that their work would be better. Bret Harte is an example. He has not done any work in recent years to compare with those early California sketches.

Crane concludes with the old, old lament:

Now that I have reached the goal I suppose that I ought to be contented; but I am not. I was happier in the old days when I was always dreaming of the thing I have now attained. I am disappointed with success, and I am tired of abuse. Over here, happily, they don't treat you as if you were a dog, but give everyone an honest measure of praise or blame. There are no disgusting personalities.

When one looks back at Crane's short life, packed as it was with action, his output of work seems curiously large. And when one considers how good in its way everything he published was—how tense, and studied, and complete—this output assumes a very serious air. To die at thirty-one and to have done so much with one's talents is a great achievement. It is possible that his work was done; that as he grew older he would have lost the desire, the zest of writing, would have asked himself: "Is it worth while?"—that paralyzing question. The sardonic in his nature would have had time to develop and might have stifled further energy. This is merely conjecture, of course. Meanwhile his work exists for our admiration and pleasure, and as a noble example to young authors in a hurry.

Stephen Crane's *Whilomville Stories*, those studies of boy and child life which he wrote with such intense interest towards the close of his brief life and believed in so thoroughly—he told Mr. Alden, the Editor of *Harper's Magazine*, that his best was in them—will be issued in book form very shortly. We are also to have his Irish novel, and two collections of short stories—*Wounds in the Rain* and *The Monster*. And there is a series of studies of great battles also to be published.

## Correspondence.

### Style.

SIR,—Mr. Isidore Ascher, in his interesting letter upon the above subject in this week's *ACADEMY*, contradicts himself, I think, in more places than one. He pillories a statement of mine—"It [*i.e.*, style] is synonymous with literary intellect, brain, thought"—as being "absolutely wrong and misleading"; he then goes on to say that style is "only a verbal garb of thought"! I think he endeavours to separate—as many others do—the literary form of intellect from the literary form of expression: I



hold that they are one and the same thing, and absolutely indivisible. That is what I meant when I said that no man can be a stylist who has no brains. Mr. Ascher apparently seeks to prove that there are two qualities concerned in the matter; and it will be seen that he only bowls himself out when he attempts to do so. He also characterises as "absolutely wrong" the statement that style is the expression of individuality; and then says "an author of distinction has generally a distinctive style"! I cannot see that his argument will hold water.

It is certainly true that style may require development. It is next to impossible for a boy of eighteen to write like a mature Ruskin, for instance. One has to play the "assiduous ape" for a period, no doubt. But all the time he is absorbing the art of others, is he not building for himself a brain, a literary intellect—in short, a literary individuality? All his subsequent writings are the expression of the individuality he has acquired—the *matured* individuality, be it said; for the germ must be existent. ("You cannot thrash a still-born donkey into life," as Mr. Le Gallienne says.) The means whereby the writer matures his latent individuality have no effect or influence upon him beyond that of the watering-can on a rose-bush. Individuality is strength; the individual stylist is essentially himself. He retains his own particular identity throughout the whole course of his development. The "assiduous ape" part of the business is only the waking up, the extra horse up the hill. Once on the brow, the wide, level heath is before him. Henceforth he is himself, both in his life proper, and in the life he lives in his writings.—I am, &c.,

ARTHUR COLES ARMSTRONG.

August 6, 1900.

SIR,—It would seem that the recent correspondence on the above subject must have already exhausted all there is to be said as to its nature, its quality, and its acquirement; yet—to judge from some of the remarks preferred—the main point of discussion appears really to be, not how to cultivate style, but what is style?

Mr. Ascher, in last week's *ACADEMY*, is, perhaps, as near the mark as anyone in defining style to be "just a mode or manner of expression and nothing more." But why "and nothing more"? In my opinion the definition would be more correct if "something" were to be substituted for the "nothing" of Mr. Ascher's concluding phrase. The question of style surely involves wider issues than the mere "mode or manner of expression"; otherwise, I fear that managed mannerisms and inherent insipidities of literary expression would mark the level of a distinctive style of this nature.

I think, therefore, that the "something more" required is, if I may so term it, the literary *afflatus* that breathes into words the spirit of life and produces "style."—I am, &c.,

ERNEST H. HARRISON.

Streatham, S.W.: August 4, 1900.

SIR,—The history of this correspondence cannot be altogether without amusement to those modest readers who never compete for the weekly guinea. "One having literary aspirations" wanted hints for cultivating style; and no less than forty-four persons, out of the goodness of their heart (and perhaps with the tail of their eye on the aforementioned remuneration), attempted to furnish a complete working plant for the manufacture of style on a scale unlimited. I regret, as a literary aspirant myself, that only eleven of the letters were published.

The letter which gained the prize gives but cold comfort after all. It tells us that style, *per se*, does not exist, and that you cannot be a good stylist without brains; but of how to acquire brains there is not a hint. In the next issue of the *ACADEMY* a correspondent takes exception to this pronouncement. Next comes a reply from the prizewinner wherein he compares himself, and all other writers

on style, to a bald-headed gentleman who went to gather honey without his hat; which is a dark saying. He also informs us that he is an authority on what is good for him to eat; which is enviable and interesting, but throws no great light upon the subject.

Then, after the other literary aspirant and I have been puzzling for two weeks over how to get brains, he coolly tells us "if a man has brains it does not necessarily follow that he is or should be a literary man—a statement that cuts both ways." Ay, a right two-edged sword it faith!

Another week passes and then somebody else says that all the other people had been calling style things which it wasn't; and he assures us that, shown up in its true colours, 'tis but "a mode or manner of expression and nothing more." I have no doubt the other literary aspirant also tore his hair at this point. I had always suspected style to be a man's character oozing out at his finger-tips and so getting into his pen; but now I am beginning to think it is a mere trick of composition which might be purchased from a recognised stylist for a reasonable sum.—I am, &c.,

S. W.

SIR,—My innocent little note to you has given some correspondents the opportunity of displaying the rudeness of *their* style. In proof thereof, read the following: "Without having the least wish to infer that you are deficient in general intelligence, will you!" &c. "Your present style resembles your handwriting, which is—pardon me—somewhat immature." I disagree entirely with Mr. Armstrong; and so do you, Mr. Editor, for your postcard to me gave hints about the cultivation of style. Three other letters from professors in our Universities who teach style are also against Mr. Armstrong. Style to me is the coat my thoughts wear. It is, therefore, independent of what Mr. Armstrong says I lack—"literary intelligence." The illiterate farm servant has style, as well as, say, Mr. Armstrong. The coat must fit the thought. Here is the difficulty. How am I to make the cloth into a decent, West End fashionable coat?

The style is the man: let it be so. Suppose the man is vicious, then the style is likewise. How can I change this vice into virtue? By changing the man? How is it done? It is nonsense for one of your correspondents to say, "This is not, alas! a matter for hints"; or worse nonsense to say, "Have you anything to say or to write that the world in the least desires to hear, or would be the better of hearing? If so, you will find yourself able to say it without any manufactured style." I have before me over a dozen statements by well-known literary men who say the reverse. Let me give one. It is found in *The Art of Fiction*. The writer is W. E. Norris:

The beginner, in order to be a successful beginner, has to acquire a style. . . . But why talk about acquiring a style? It seems doubtful whether an equal number cannot—if only they will condescend to take the necessary pains—learn how to write. Rules indeed there are for him—cut and dried rules, relating to accuracy of grammar and punctuation, avoidance of involved sentences, neologisms, catch phrases, and the like; but these will not take him the length he wishes to go. . . . He may be advised to dissect, to analyse, to search patiently for the secrets of proportion, of balance, of rhythmical, harmonious diction. . . . So, having studied, he will be able, like the *débütante*, to be natural, and will have gained possession of a style which will, at any rate, be correct and his own.

Mr. Editor, I hope you will not allow this supreme question of "how to cultivate style" to be shelved by such half-truths as "Le style c'est de l'homme."

As Mr. Armstrong is to keep an open eye for my development, my honest innocence being distinctly interesting and refreshing, I had better add I am the author of several books, and expect, when this question of "style" is rationally thrashed out, to publish a few more.—I am, &c.,

July 25, 1900.

THE INQUIRER.

## Herbert not Herrick.

SIR,—As you are still on the subject of quotations, may I ask for explanation of a curious misquotation, or perhaps quoted plagiarism, which appeared in one of your "Things Seen" in the ACADEMY of July 21. I did not call attention to it at the time as I felt sure you would have a pile of such calls.

The lines were:

But I was up ere break of day,  
And brought my flowers along with me.

In George Herbert's lovely Easter verses you will find:

But thou wast up by break of day,  
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

—I am, &c.,

A. S.

August 4, 1900.

[The writer of that "Things Seen" spent an hour seeking to verify the quotation in Herrick. He thanks "A. S." and apologises to Herbert.]

## "A Dream Satanic."

SIR,—While regretting that the perusal of a few chapters of my *Great Game* should have given Mr. G. S. Layard—your last week's correspondent—nightmare, I fail to see any connexion between his "dream satanic" and my little work.

"No private duty is so paramount but that a man may neglect it in the service of the State."

Sir, I give it up; and intend, in the second edition of *The Great Game*, adding a chapter headed "The Nightmares of the Century."—I am, &c.,

EDWARD SPENCER.

Gresham Cottage, Ewell:  
August 4, 1900.

## Our Weekly Competition.

## Result of No. 46 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best sketch of 200 words, or less, under the title "The Street I Know Best." The response has been large, the performance creditable. But many descriptions are marred by some extravagance, some little touch which one feels is needlessly overdone. One might walk often in Whitechapel High-street without seeing "drunken sailors stagger along singing criminal songs." This is the Whitechapel one reads about, but does not see. There is some vague over-writing too: "Grotesques are silhouetted on frowzy blinds" tells us nothing (about Wykeham-road), and the diction is affected. We prefer ease and clearness to more ambitious writing that misses its mark; and, after some hesitation, we award the prize to Mr. Arthur Macdonald Cuttall, 7, Princess-street, Leicester, for the following, though the sketch is marred by its rather cheap satire on afternoon calls:

## THE STREET I KNOW BEST.

The street I know best drives a long straight line of macadam and flagstones, and a double line of linden trees, through a suburb that was so recently a village that, at this juncture, one can hardly tell whether it has the air of a stockbroker in Arcadia, or of a rustic in Pall Mall. The old manor house still stands, and the "village church" still points its squat spire at heaven. But all else is suburban villa of the bay-window or garden order, built of red brick and virginia creeper. No children play in the roadway now, but morning and evening there are processions of silk-hatted men—men carried away by the up-train at dawn and returned at night—while in the afternoons women drive up in barouches, paying calls and boring each other fearfully over saving cups of tea. At the bottom of the street a crossing-sweeper daily sits in state upon a throne of brick-wall and railings, and notes our goings and our comings, besides levying tribute on the passer-by. And at night, as I look out across the way, our surgeon's blood-red lamp gleams eerily through a network of green linden leaves.

The three best sketches after the above are perhaps these:

## WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET.

Whitechapel High Street is neither narrow nor ill-lit; the buildings are substantial and newly painted; the shops are big and their windows display as great a variety of cash-ticketed articles as any exacting shopping woman need wish for. Drawn up in the centre of the roadway are a score of huge waggons all laden with fresh sweet hay—for there is a haymarket in Whitechapel. The carts are manned by stout, rough, kindly countrymen, too, who lounge about, chiefly favouring the doorway of the "Red Lion Inn," where the ale is known to come from Romford. But—alas, there is a "but"—the air, despite the hay, is filled with a foul smell of over-baked bread and terrible fumes that spring with tiger-like strength from sausage and onion depôts. A noise as of an army that is angry because deprived of its weapons is prevalent, even the younger women, whose voices might be low and soft, are unduly turbulent; drivers of lumbering vans shout hoarse and vehement oaths at patient, panting horses; drunken sailors stagger along singing criminal songs; dishevelled women and unwashed children abound, and on most of the faces that pass there is evidence of battle within. [C. C., London.]

## COMMONPLACE.

It is a short, narrow street; you could go down it in twenty strides, and cross it in six. It contains a baker's dozen of buildings, of different heights and styles, mostly glum. It has existed longer than the Queen has worn her crown; but age has brought it no honours. Like a man with a past, its glory is all in bygone days. Two justices of the peace and the town coroner had offices in it. The lower end building on the right side was a ladies' high school; and in those days dainty feet tripped its pavement all day long. Respectable physicians resided in its houses, and it was then equal with the proud square it runs into. Now, however, it would be positively an ugly street, were it not for the bank's new premises at the top left-hand corner, which do for its appearance what a fine hat does for that of a lady with a shabby dress. During rainy seasons its gutters leak, and one imagines it to be shedding tears over the departed glory of its buildings, now attorneys' offices, a cabyard, and a grocer's shop thrown in. [A. S. W., Preston.]

## OUR STREET.

It curls around the shoulder of the old town walls with a southern sweep from east to west; and for centuries, beneath the starlight, and from dawn to afterglow, has seized all largesse of sky and air. Its rugged stones are the home of snapdragon and gillyflower, with mosses and lichens, and much else of gracious greenery. The vine and fig-tree flourish here, and ever and for ever the Severn sings beside them.

The fine reserve of Pugin trained those quiet lines of the cathedral—gray sister to the rose-red ramparts. Brightly the lamp burns ever within its Sanctuary, and the unconscious street is dedicated to perpetual love and praise.

Time has dealt kindly with the houses along our way, and veiled their grim Georgian gentility with a tenderness of leafage and blossom; while, goodly and fair, high above the rest, for all men to see, stands the house reserved for the Lords of the Law of England—"the Judge's Lodging."

No, that motor-car was not pretty. Ping-pang go the bells of the cyclists as they flash past into the darkness!

Children and birds are a-bed; night is falling upon the old town walls.

Meanwhile the lamp burns on.

[A. D., Shrewsbury.]

Among other sketches of merit are the following:

## IN EAST ANGLIA.

It is the main street of an East Coast fishing town, around which are gathered all the tenderest associations of early youth.

A mile and a half it extends, flanked on either side by houses of unequal height, whose red roofs deepen to a richer glow at sunset. I love every seaman who strides along its pavements. I know its shops by heart. The toy shop on the right (as you enter the town) kept by Mrs. Stevens, who will never realise that I no longer require a spade, a bucket, a kaleidoscope, or a sixpenny butterfly net, proudly displaying these commodities whenever I enter for a chat about old times; Reading's, on the left, whither we repaired for Aldeburgh buns (hot) and lemonade after bathing; the jeweller's, whose window is ever full of brooches and necklaces of amber picked up by our fishermen; Martin's (the draper's); the post office; the butcher's; the fish shop; Mrs. Self's, noted for "brandy balls," great shiny golden marbles that you must pop into your mouth whole. Then Ford's, which we used to patronise for pear drops, acid drops, liquorice, and "black-jack" (sticky stuff rolled in bits of newspaper).

Ah, happy days of childhood!

[H. F., Devon.]

## SUBURBAN.

It is a broad, open street, and recalls nothing of the little riverside village of former days. Only a few years ago it was still rural,



with grassy spaces where the widow's hens flapped and clucked, and laid the occasional egg. Now all is changed, and the only relic of quaintness is the finger-post at one end: "To Westminster and London."

The houses are modern, and so for the most part are their inmates. Most modern of all are the members of the Ladies' Club—fearfully and wonderfully modern, even, it is whispered, to the smoking of cigarettes. The playwright, the editor, the navy authority, the musical critic, all are modern; the lady guardian and the portrait painter modern too. Of the old villagers but three remain: the man of leisure, and the professor, and the old clergyman who, of a summer evening, still keeps the village habit of standing at his door, from which vantage ground he loves to engage the passer-by in amiable conversation. To enquire after the new drama, or gently banter the editor about that unconfirmed telegram, is his neighbourly custom; and, one may hope, they are not too modern to appreciate him. [E. D., Chelsea.]

#### WHERE ALMOND TREES BLOSSOM.

It is called Jamalkhan. It runs from Badamtali, where the almond trees blossom in spring, through shady bamboo groves where lurk brown-roofed cottages of Creole-Portuguese, past the Sital Jharna—the "cool spring" of perennially gushing water, past the three snowy domes and slim minarets of the Quadam Mobarak Mosque with its terraced cemetery, the Campo Santo of our dour Puritan Mussulmans. As I drive daily to my work, brown Portuguese maidens (the very tiny ones scantily wrapped in tattered and dingy night-gowns) bow gravely to the passing sahib. Their Hidalgo origin (however remote) forbids a salaam or the friendly bob of a curtsy. White clad Hindoos tramping to the holy shrine of Sitakunda, yellow robed Buddhist monks seeking the khyong below Cyclone Hill file past. A half-caste Feringhee dings his bicycle bell as he glides by, and a moment after, my horse shies at a dusty nudity of a fakir telling beads by the roadside. Now I make room for a funeral—a dead Hindoo borne, with shrill cries of Hari bol, to the burning place beyond Gol Pahar. Now an elephant, mahout on neck, swings past, hungry for breakfast in the succulent jungle beyond Pahartali. [J. D. A., Ealing.]

#### WHERE DANTE WALKED.

The street we know best need not be necessarily one that we most often frequent. All the ideals, education, and aspirations of half a lifetime may go towards the fixing of the one supreme impression, the one unfading spectacle which we recognise as always having been a part of our truest selves—the place of our thoughts. And not in the mere reality of its picturesqueness, its wealth of fair houses, sculptured towers, and bridge-spanned river, is it most truly ours, but in the certainty that when the evening sun was turning the river to a golden flood, and giving a deeper note to the cypress-crowned hills, that Beato Angelico lingered there and saw visions of angels in the rose, and gold, and white, and that Dante's eyes flashed back the splendour before Beatrice passed him by and denied him her salutation. And yet, perhaps, it is all more intimately ours, more at one with the knowing or unknowing that knits it to our hearts. When night has fallen, when the domes and towers are telling dark against a pale sky, and the purple black of the bridges is repeated in their dark reflections, making it impossible to tell where reality ends; when the moon, touching the water, turns it to liquid light, and in the west is glowing a great star. [K. E. B., Birmingham.]

#### SQUALID.

All day long the street lies festering under a London sun. Heavy traffic roars over its cobbles, and—clapper-clap—its indefectible meat-tin surges backwards and forwards under my window; for a Board school faces me.

Marshallled beside this pioneer of culture the Gothic end of a cheap chapel flaunts the allurements of a Coloured Lady and Pleasant Sunday Afternoons.

By nightfall the process of incubation is complete. The dingy houses come to life. Grotesques are silhouetted upon frowzy blinds. The forms of youth and maiden cluster in shadowed doorways. Under the street lamps, befringed, unwholesome lads lie in wait for the shrieking files of half-grown girls that waver along in their poor finery, soliciting and repelling solicitation. From four public-houses streams the grey glare of incandescent gaslight, and ballad music of the tearfully sentimental sort; while the piano-organists neutralise each other with contradictory tunes. It is merry times in Wykeham-road.

But down a passage there is a court; and in the court a tumult. There, I think, they stow away the bodies of the women who scream "Murder!" when the lights are out. [S. B. T., London.]

#### IN CORK.

Level here, among the shops; but there, beyond the bridge, it climbs resolutely, smiling, to the skies one almost fancies, seeing it end, of evenings, in a solitary point of light that apes a star.

The pavement billows, rugged; the car-stand, streaming down the centre, overflows illicitly, impetuously, in two and threes of sharp-sighted jarvies; but the green electric trams unflinchingly move on, stolid in arrogance of mechanism. And the people loiter—loiter intolerably!

The statue is being further elevated. The memorial to Father Mathew; on both sides of it (the street widens here) shine gorgeous liquor-shops, for ever guarded by the "corner boys," squalid lotoseaters, whose dream no *Peeler* dreams of breaking. One quay leads to the theatre; across the bridge there confront the "Apostle," shamelessly, the posters of the music-hall.

On fine mornings, the valley of St. Patrick-street smiles clear in sherry-coloured sunlight. A quaint gaiety of its own it has—the bright, untidy Irish street; poverty-stricken, diminutive, sordid almost for travelled eyes; yet what a maze of maddening movement, brilliancy, vitality, for the visitors that, some of them, are come up from tracts of turf-land, or the sea—come up for market-day, holiday, Lady-day! [G. C. M., Cork.]

Other replies received from: M. M. B., St. Andrews; A. H., Durham; H. A. M., Bristol; F. W. S., London; Z. McC., Whithy; A. S. H., Dalkeith; F. A., Weymouth; F. von S., London; A. G., Reigate; E. R., London; Miss P., Norwich; M. J., London; G. E., Dewsbury; G. E. P., London; A. M. S., Great Bookham; J. M. S.-Y., Manchester; O. S., Twyford; H. R. S., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mrs. N., London; A. V., London; Mrs. D., London; E. B., London; E. B., Liverpool; L. M. S., London; G. W. H., West Didsbury; R. H. P., Derby; G. H., Anglesey; L. F., Manchester; E. H. H., Streatham; A. M. B., London; H. B. S., Culrain; A. W., London; Mrs. C. C., London; S. S. M., Edinburgh; Miss R., Goathland; R. H. G., London; M. F., London; Mrs. R., London; E. R. S., Croydon; D. G. W., Yorks.

#### Competition No. 47 (New Series).

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best sketch entitled "The Author I Like Least." Deceased authors alone should be chosen; and we hope for reasonably vigorous, not embarrassing, criticism. Length not to exceed 200 words.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, August 14. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

### New Books Received.

#### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Fricker (Dr. Karl), *The Antarctic Regions*. From the German. (Sonnenschein) 7/6

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Blashill (Thomas), *Sutton-in-Holderness* ..... (Stock) 6/0  
Myer (Isaac), *Oldest Books in the World* ..... (Kegan, Paul) net 30/0  
Thomas (C. H.), *Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed* ..... (Hodder & Stoughton) 3/6  
Williams (Thomas), *Life of Sir James Nicholas Douglass* ..... (Longmans) 3/6  
Nieboer (Dr. H. J.), *Slavery as an Industrial System* ..... (Nijhoff, The Hague)  
Archibald (Mrs. G.), *Joel Dorman Steete: Teacher and Author* ..... (Gay & Bird) 5/0

#### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Chambers (Rev. Arthur), *Man and the Spiritual World* ..... (Taylor)  
Drury (B. S.), *Neo-Christian Epistles* ..... (Sonnenschein) 2/6

#### POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Shuckburgh (E. S.), *The Letters of Cicero, Translated into English*. Vol. III. .... (Bell) 5/0

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Eversley (T. Fitz-Evan), *The Trinidad Reviewer* ..... (Robinson Printing Co.)  
Davidson (H. C.), *Gardening Chart: A Guide to the Cultivation of the Year's Vegetables* ..... (Warne) net 1/6  
Linton (Edward F.), *The Flora of Bournemouth, including the Isle of Purbeck* ..... (Commis) net 9/6  
Affalo (F. G.), *A Walk through the Zoological Gardens* ..... (Sands) 3/6

#### NEW EDITIONS.

Temple Classics: Tully's Offices. Trans. by Roger L'Estrange ... (Dent) 1/6  
Cundall (J. W.), *London: A Guide for the Visitor, Sportsman, &c.* ..... (Greening) 0/6  
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